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T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
FRIDAY • 8 NOVEMBER 1974 • No 3,792 • 12p

Garibaldi, by Adrian Lyttelton

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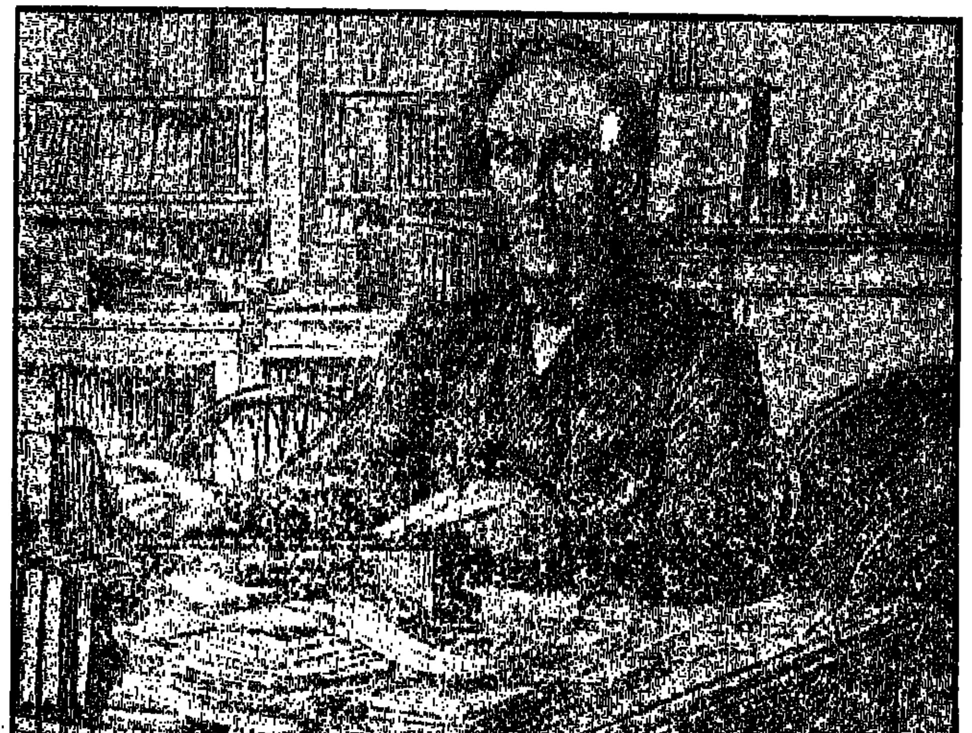


Shaftesbury at his desk in 1884, a year before he died: pencil drawing by J. G. Wirgman.

figures who are neither poli- ians, creative artists, nor men of n suffer perhaps from a certain lack of posthumous interest. so it is surprising that such eminent Victorian as Lord esbury, the great philan- pist and reformer, should waited until now for a full rn biography. J. L. Hammond Barbara Hammond's book of for all its graceful style, was equate and in some respects ading. Geoffrey Best's admir- short sketch in 1964 was no e than an introduction to its ect. E. Hodder's great three- me work which appeared over ty years ago remained the best unt, despite its reverential ode, since it had the virtue ching to most Victorian bio- phies of providing enough original material in the shape of corre- dence and diaries to enable the er to form his own judgment. The task confronting the modern rapher of Shaftesbury, however, without two peculiar difficul- . The first is his neurotic perament which calls for con- able delicacy and judgment in pretation, as well as the gth to resist fashionable ological theories. The second he shapelessness of Shaftesbury's er over his last forty-five years, with political ambitions laid he became absorbed in tarian and religious activi- To deal with these analytically rob the narrative of direction plot; to deal with them chrono- ly is to fall into a welter of ated events. With this techni- ject Georgina Battiscombe has dealt as well as possible by a judicious intermingling of analysis and chronology. If the result does not always make for vivid reading, the fault is in the subject, not the author.

GEORGINA BATTISCOMBE:
Shaftesbury
A Biography of the Seventh Earl 1801-1885
365pp. Constable. £5.25.

But on that aspect of a biography where the reader can legitimately look for enlightenment, she has achieved an undoubted success. She has drawn a portrait of Shaftesbury which is more convincing than anything which has been presented so far and one unlikely to be materially altered by subsequent research. Bad men make better subjects for biography than good. But though Shaftesbury was a good man, he had few saintly qualities. He was given to moods of black depression; he lacked self-confidence; he was over-assertive, greedy for praise, touchy, jealous, suspicious, with more than a trace of persecution-mania. Even when determined not to accept political office, he wanted the offer to be made. If it was, he would as often as not cast cynical aspersions on the motives. If it was not, he was resentful and abusive. At some time or other nearly every leading figure in politics was made the object of violent and exaggerated attack in the private diary he kept for the greater part of his life. When Hodder after his death published extracts from it, contemporaries were shocked at the descriptions Shaftesbury had applied to men with whom in public he had seemed on friendly terms. They would have been more shocked had they read the wilder passages which Hodder prudently withheld.

Yet, as Mrs Battiscombe wisely observes, it would be unjust to judge Shaftesbury by the savage and neurotic reflections of his diary. They were part of the man, but not the whole man. His diary, she argues, was a safety-valve for his depression, anger and frustration. This is undoubtedly true. Shaftesbury's habitual ascription of the worst of motives to others was not the cynicism of a man of the world but the reaction of an emotionally immature and unbalanced person seeking relief for his hurt feelings by pouring out hurtful words. One might perhaps go further and suggest that for his repressed Protestant temperament the diary was a kind of substitute for a confessional; though it was a confessional in which the elements of contrition, penance and repentance were singularly absent. Towards the end of his life he made the astonishing observation that he had sinned only against God, "never once against man". It was a conviction that can only be explained on the assumption that the envy, malice and uncharitableness of the outpourings in his diary were purged from his soul by the mere act of setting them down.

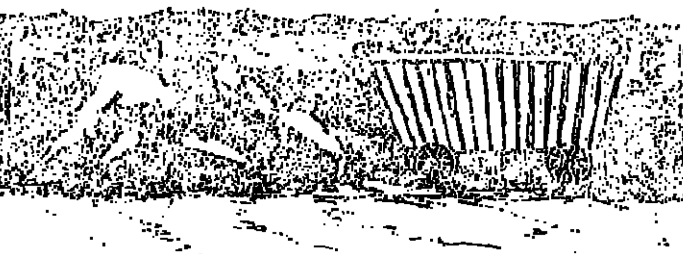
This painful, unhappy temperament is the key both to Shaftesbury's religion and his life-long devotion to social philanthropy. They were not the causes but the consequences of his fundamental nature. He was tormented, Mrs Battiscombe notes, not by a sense of sin but a sense of failure. His religion did not originate in but provided a remedy for his psychological disorders. In a sense, one might say, religion for him was an intellectual haven. He was not a mystic; he was not converted in any dramatic fashion. At most the growing intensity of his evangelical convictions strengthened his will to do good. His religion was, even for his own day, one of extreme narrowness; ultra-Protestant, sabbatarian and fundamentalist, as persuaded of the literal inspiration of the Old Testament as of the New. For a man who had got a first at Oxford he showed in later life little trace of intellectual development or even interest; if anything, his mind became shrunken and warped.

It was symptomatic of this narrowness of intellect and imagination that he first became involved in humanitarian work almost, as it were, by accident; equally characteristic that, once involved, his emotional sensibility and enormous will-power drove him to unsparing activity on behalf of any cause he took up. The turning-point in his life perhaps was his appointment to the Lunacy Commission in 1827. Then in 1833, after M. T. Sadler's electoral defeat, he was invited almost fortuitously to take the parliamentary lead in the Ten Hours campaign for women and children in the textile factories, despite the fact that he had no previous connexion with it or any knowledge of factory conditions. With that the pattern of his life set firm. By the 1840s his advocacy of the Ten Hours Movement and his Mines and Collieries Act had made him a national figure.

He had no need to look further for humanitarian causes. They came to him from all quarters and the long list of campaigns on which he spent the rest of his life reads like a roll-call of the Victorian social reform movements: chimney-sweeps, shoe-blacks, child prostitution, urban sanitation, cemeteries, Ragged Schools, model lodging-houses, training ships, emigration, education, slums, the Board of Health, all six of the great Evangelical religious societies, and innumerable other religious organizations. No man, says Mrs Battiscombe with excusable exaggeration, did more to lessen human misery or add to the sum of human happiness. In his relentless zeal he not only taught himself to become an effective parliamentary speaker but schooled himself to unnatural tact, forbearance and patience.

Given the contrast between the public figure and the private man, one may well ask what drew him to a life of social reform rather than the orthodox political career which at the outset he assumed would be his. Clearly an overriding motive was his passionate sympathy with the unfortunate, the oppressed and the helpless: a sympathy which perhaps had its roots in his own solitary and unhappy childhood.

Another was his Evangelical outlook, his concern for the immortal human soul, to which his millenarian convictions added a special urgency. To these two central aspects of his nature one might perhaps add a third. For a man of Shaftesbury's temperament there was perhaps an unconscious attraction in a field of activity which gave him a personal crusading role. As champion and even martyr for a cause he was supreme. But he was not a good member of a team and he was unfitted for politics. The compromises, shifts and concessions of parliamentary life were not for him. While his crotchety individualism made it difficult for him to work with his political and social equals, his inbred sense of social superiority made it easy for him to deal with the poor and with his inferiors; and perhaps he was happier dealing with them. As an aristocratic reformer he enjoyed a unique position which he would scarcely have found elsewhere: and his social and humanitarian work gave him a satisfaction which politics could never have supplied. Religion and philanthropy together provided the necessary fortifications of his tormented soul. As Florence Nightingale remarked, grimly but



Child worker in a coalpit—reproduced from the First Report of the Commissioners of Mines, 1842.

not without some truth: "Lord Shaftesbury would have been in a lunatic asylum if he had not devoted himself to reforming lunatic asylums."

Certainly he had little sympathy with the political aspirations of the working classes. He was an aristocrat, an anti-democrat, an anti-equalitarian. Socially he was a paternalist reformer; in religion a middle-class Evangelical. Throughout his reforming work the significant emphasis was on women and children, and the moral dangers to which they were exposed and from which they should be rescued. Over the matter of the Ten Hours restrictions he seems only once to have admitted, and that in casual correspondence, the benefit which would accrue to the men. Over the mines and collieries it was almost exclusively the moral and particularly the sexual degradation that obsessed him. It could in fact be unkindly said that what he was trying to do was to impose a middle-class and evangelical ethic on a proletariat which did not always relish it. It was however precisely the moral argument which appealed to his contemporaries and enabled him to harness the force of Victorian public opinion to his campaigns. Reform on any other basis would have been more slowly achieved. Moreover, what saved Shaftesbury from mere religiosity and made his work sensible and practical was his constant conviction that until material conditions were improved, there could be little hope of moral regeneration.

If any large criticism is to be made of Mrs Battiscombe's excellent book it is one common to its class; lives, that is to say, written by professional biographers rather than professional historians. The social and political background is transparently thin, little more than a stage prop against which the central character displays himself in the round. The student of the period will notice the occasional misdating, the misspelling of a proper name, the ascription of a wrong office, the confounding of two separate Lord Liverpools, the simplified summary of a complicated historical event in one flat and unilluminating phrase. This perhaps does not matter very much. What is more regrettable is that less than justice is done to Shaftesbury's contemporaries and critics. A remarkable feature of his career, in itself a sidelight on the man, is the patience and tolerance, born of genuine respect, which his long-suffering colleagues almost invariably displayed towards him. To give one example, not mentioned by Mrs Battiscombe: after his resignation over the Corn Law crisis in 1846 some leading Conservatives including Peel and Graham raised a subscription of £2,000 to enable him to stand for Dorset, with no conditions as to his Ten Hours campaign which had troubled the ministry and threatened to damage it again.

Lack of a solid historical background is important in another way. However unconsciously, this biography perpetuates the uncritical traditional view of what is described on the dust-jacket as the "appalling conditions of the mass of people in early Victorian England". Some more discrimination might have been attempted, if only to give balance and perspective to Shaftesbury's work and explain some of the opposition to him. When discussing the exposure of conditions for women and girls in the coal mines, for instance, the author appears to share to the full Shaftesbury's shocked reaction. Would it not have been pertinent to point out that according to the census figures for 1841 the number of women and girls employed underground in the mines amounted to only 2 per cent of the total labour force, and that their use was already on the decline? The author's jibe at Lord Londonderry loses a good deal of its force when it is remembered that females had long ceased to be employed underground in the great coalfields of Durham and Northumberland for which he was spokesman. The conscience of employers was not as black and unyielding as an exclusive reading of Shaftesbury's speeches would lead one to suppose. These however are marginal criticisms which need not affect one's appreciation of what is otherwise a scholarly, humane and perceptive study of one of the more remarkable of the great band of Victorian reformers.

Norman Gash's books include Mr Secretary Peel *(1961) and* Sir Robert Peel *(1972).*

Town and around

By G. E. Mingay

ALAN ARMSTRONG:
Stability and Change in an English County Town
A Social Study of York, 1801-51
254pp. Cambridge University Press. £5.

JACK SIMMONS:
Leicester Past and Present
Volume II: Modern City, 1860-1974
159pp. Eyre Methuen. £3.

Writing the history of towns is an art which has undergone a number of transformations. Now the "new urban history" has arrived to make the present body of practitioners seem old-fashioned, as they in their turn supplanted an earlier generation of annalists. The Victorian historians of the city tended to parochial exclusiveness and were highly antiquarian. As a modern authority has remarked, the greater part of what has come down to us from the nineteenth century is "a vast, sorry assortment of relics and annals", which in some towns still performs a solitary duty and keeps "a dreary and ludicrous vigil". Only in the 1930s did a new style of urban history appear, employing a wider range of materials and approaching the task from fresh viewpoints. This viewpoint might be primarily political, as in Redford's and Russell's *History of Local Government in Manchester*, or more economic and social, as in Barker's and Harris's *A Merseyside Town in the Industrial Revolution: St Helens 1750-1950*—to mention two outstanding contributions.

The new urban history is powerfully influenced by the demand for statistical precision, which is held to make both the new economic history and the new social history more meaningful. Though not the first work to appear under this prescription, *Stability and Change in an English County Town* may well be considered one of its best examples. Alan Armstrong covers a short but much-discussed period in an interestingly analytical way. The book is, without doubt, highly statistical, with more than eighty tables in the space of little more than 200 pages. Dr Armstrong has avoided such matters as local politics and ideology, social life and sporting events, and his emphasis is heavily on social structure and demographic trends. A wide range of sources is drawn on and, in particular, Dr Armstrong has exploited the books into which the census enumerators of 1841 and 1851 transcribed the details of age, sex, place of birth, and employment of the population. His object has been to "squeeze more evidence from the information collected by the Victorians than they themselves had derived and published in the printed census volumes; or than later historians had tried to do". This material is used to examine in detail migration, natural increase, marriage and fertility, household structure, as well as poverty and public health.

York provides a suitable for such a study. It was not a la place, nor was it one of those t changed out of all recogniti the rapid upsurge of commerce an industry. It was typical rather o the old-established, more stable ma ket centres which grew at only relatively moderate pace at t time. Dr Armstrong considers w the flood of industrialism pa York by, and remarks the con quences of limited economic chang These are well illustrated by the fa that in 1851 only 6 per cent York's employed population was e gaged in modern manufacturing an extractive industries, as compar with nearly 40 per cent in han crafts and wholesale and ret trade, and more than 20 per cen in domestic service.

The second volume of *Leicest Past and Present* covers the perio of the town's modern industrializ tion. It must be conceded that the greater element of change and the much broader scope of the discus sion make for a more interestin story, and Jack Simmons has the knack of recounting it in attractiv style.

There are still plenty of hard fac and figures to chew on, but the are incorporated into a smooth flowing narrative, rather than form ing, as in Dr Armstrong's study, th obtrusive and somewhat unpala able kernel of it. Profes Simmons's treatment is basicall institutional and environmental, th chapters revolving round the town growth, its buildings, stree schools, colleges and museums though not overlooking the peopl of Leicester themselves, their hou ing and health, and the challeng of the problems of congestion an uglification.

Leicester in this period adde footwear and engineering to its o hosiery trade, and on this basis gre into a moderately large industri city of more than 280,000—mor than four times the population 1860. But, Professor Simmon remarks, everything, including th origins of its industries, was on small scale. There is, he say "nothing grand in the history Leicester". Visitors are apt to fi it a dull city, and Winston Church rejected by its voters, had reason growl at the mention of its name "Beastly place, Leicester."

Dull Leicester may be, deficient fine architecture and scenery, preposterous in its gothic clo tower of 1868; but Profe Simmons's sympathetic acco succeeds in bringing it to life a making its story a pleasure to re In the end an understanding of city and its life is gained that m well be more valuable than all th precision offered by an army statistics. It is fortunate that history there is plenty of room both the traditional and the ne they are complementary and competitive approaches. W matters only is that each, as here, excellent of its kind.

Tennyson in toto

NANCIE CAMPBELL (Compiler):
Tennyson in Lincoln
A Catalogue of the Collections in the Research Centre. Volume 2
121pp. Lincoln: Tennyson Society. £6.

The first volume of this catalogue listed the libraries of the various members of the Tennyson family which have been deposited in the Lincoln City Library on indefinite loan from the Farringford archives. The second volume covers the poet's own works, collected, selected and in individual items. The collected and selected works are given in chronological order, the single items in alphabetical order according to title. Each of these sections is extremely comprehensive, and wherever necessary the entries are suitably annotated. An alphabetical catalogue of biographical and critical works follows, including books about Tennyson's friends and contemporaries, and this runs to no fewer than 940 items, many of which are of recent origin. Then come shorter sections on the music based on Tennyson's poems, and on the parodies of his works, in the last of which the most lethal of all the parodies—Swinburne's "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell" from *The Heptalogia*—has been missed. The volume concludes with a long list of pictures, prints, photographs and maps relating to Tennyson and his works, which range from the watercolour of Old Don, one of his dogs, to the superb collections of Julia Margaret Cameron's photographs and Edward Lear's watercolours now at Lincoln.

A third and possibly a fourth volume of this formidable undertaking are now in course of preparation, and they will cover the manuscript material, letters and so on. There can be no doubt that when the whole work is finished it will provide the most comprehensive guide to Tennyson studies that exists; and great credit must go to its compilers. The present volume is, for these days, blessedly free from misprints and contains eleven unfamiliar and evocative full-page illustrations, including the "Dirty Monk" photograph.

Freedom and Development
Uhuru na Maendeleo
J. K. Nyerere
This third major collection of President Nyerere's articles and speeches covers the period January 1968 to January 1973 and presents the Tanzanian leader's views on such matters as socialism, economic policy, human equality, African unity and liberation, and questions of international relations. Illustrated £5·25 paper covers £3·35
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Benjamin Quarles
John Brown led twenty men to seize Harpers Ferry in Virginia in 1859, ostensibly to help slaves in the region. He was captured and executed. His daring act and righteous manner caught the imagination of abolitionists on the eve of the Civil War, and he was especially venerated by blacks, who saw him as a deliverer. This book explores Brown's relations with blacks, and describes his considerable influence in the half-century after his death. £4·60 *OUP New York*

The Psychologists
Volume 2
Edited by T. S. Krawiec
This second volume of autobiographies of well-known psychologists includes information on Heinz Ansbacher, Joseph Brozek, Raymond B. Cattell, Joseph McV. Hunt, Arthur Jensen, Howard H. Kendler, Robert Leeper, Gardner Murphy, Charles E. Osgood, Carl Pfaffman, and Morris S. Viteles. Illustrated £6·25 paper covers £4 *OUP New York*

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Sir Richard Allen
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An Introduction
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A. D. Q. Agnew
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Oxford University Press

The gentleman vanishes

By Malcolm Muggeridge

DUFF HART-DAVIS:
Peter Fleming
A Biography
419pp. Cape. £6.

I was at Cambridge in the twenties I used to attend the lectures of Sir Arthur Couch, professor of English ore, even though I was not taking an English Tripos. as an old-fashioned type of letters with a lot of white loud check suit and a large tie. His hands, as I recall, trembled when he sorted his notes. A far cry indeed Leavis and other Eng Lit tioners to come, both in his and in the matter of his es. Almost the only thing I mber about them was that one luded with the words: "And there were no gentlemen in na". As I had never seen, or read, Shakespeare's play *The Gentlemen of Verona*, I had dea what heinous offence led his devastating judgment, but phrase echoed in my mind I heard of Peter Fleming's at the age of sixty-four, in st 1971, following on the of his younger brother, Ian, in August, six years earlier.

he brothers were indubitably gentlemen—though in deci different terms—and their pearance from the social left a gap which was to in unfilled. This might seem xtreme statement. After all, at the major public schools nue to be filled, and clubs like e's and Brooks's and Pratt's to re more or less. The grouse- rs are not left empty, and grey rs still adorn Ascot. It is not there is any shortage of gent- n—quite the contrary. The about the Fleming brothers that they *believed* in being gent- n; and it is this true passion the role which, with their ate, seems to have disappear- Peter's performance was the conventional of the two—a ntry gentleman, subsequently Colonel", addicted to shoot- and riding, a mighty traveller outdoor man, habitually brown berry; Ian's the more exotic. realized to a great extent ariously through his famous racter. James Bond, who knew rything there was to know t food and iced drinks and rettes, where to buy the best made hats and boot-trees, a con- sseur of precious stones and ls and women. Who today d go to all this trouble, ther on his own behalf, or in a d? The answer, I fear, is no An advertisement in the per- al column of *The Times* for a paragon would certainly in some weird replies, but I very much if any of them d be sufficiently near to what required to be worth an inter- w.

n these circumstances, the ques- of a biographer must have nted difficulties to the liter- executors of both brothers. In s case, an astute and skilful eague on *The Sunday Times*, e Pearson, was chosen, and ed in what I thought was a petent, and—to the extent that was practicable—revealing t. For Peter, Duff Hart-Davis, a godson and the son of his closest friend, Rupert Hart-Davis, is the choice. It seems to me to be equally sententious. The sort of professional job which Pearson did on Ian would scarcely have worked with Peter, and so it was better to have someone who knew him intimately, had access through his father to all available material and loved him dearly; but in the hero-worshipping relationship of, first a boy, then a young man, looking up to a godfather and family friend who was famous and successful and altogether a hero of his time—in his time.

It is an illusion to suppose that appreciative biography is necessarily less perceptive and interesting than the hostile kind. Some of the best biographies we have are, if not adulatory, at any rate deeply affectionate—as, Mrs Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë*, Carlyle's *Sterling*, not to mention Boswell—whereas the Lytton Strachey school has already largely fizzled out, including, especially, the works of the founding father, which I should imagine most people today find quite unreadable. In fairness I should add that the only biography I ever wrote myself—of Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh*—was hostile to the point of being venomous. Actually, it was Rupert Hart-Davis who, with many kind words and apologies, returned the manuscript to me, on behalf of Jonathan Cape, as being unpublishable. Afterwards, another publishing house brought it out.

Duff Hart-Davis's affectionate attitude towards his subject helps him to convey the great charisma Peter Fleming obviously had, and which seems to have captivated almost everyone who knew him, whether in the flesh or in his early writings. The only small disadvantage is that it leads at times to what seem to be deliberate reticences, and this after the reader's curiosity has been stimulated, which is vaguely irritating. For instance, Mr Hart-Davis writes that in May, 1926, the Fleming family was unexpectedly increased by the arrival of a baby girl called Amaryllis, whom Eve, Peter Fleming's mother, a widow since 1917, "said she had adopted". Surely in such a case more should have been said or less—preferably the latter. Another remark that struck me as being unnecessarily thrown out without any sequel is apropos Ella Maillart, known as Kini, a Swiss traveller with whom Peter Fleming walked from China to India. "Unfortunately (as it turned out)", Mr Hart-Davis writes, Peter took it into his head to tease his wife Celia, "by pretending he had been greatly taken with Kini—a joke that was to cause him much embarrassment later." How, when or why embarrassed is never explained.

Of relations between the two brothers, Peter and Ian, Mr Hart-Davis perfectly properly takes the view that they were affectionately disposed towards one another to the end, and discounts stories of rivalry between them. If they met only occasionally, and then at a club or restaurant rather than at one or other of their homes, that was because they preferred it so. One of the illustrations in Mr Hart-Davis's biography is of a shrine Peter set up after Ian's death consisting of his picture in a nest of Bond books. At the same time, Peter is quoted as saying that he regarded Ian's books as "tosh", which did not prevent him from very humanly jumping on anyone who disparaged them. Thus he wrote a letter—quoted by Mr Hart-Davis—strongly objecting to some remarks of mine on the subject, and particularly taking exception to certain disparities between how they appeared in *The Observer* and in the American magazine, *Esquire*. His conclusion—rather nasty, I thought—was that my motive had been to collect "two handsome fees instead of one", which was patently absurd because the Bond remarks appeared in the course of a monthly article on books I have been contributing to *Esquire* for years past, while at that time I was likewise a regular contributor, under contract, to *The Observer*, whose standards of payment, as I think most journalists would agree, are not unduly munificent. I daresay I should have been more careful and considerate, but I have always regarded the Bond books, and the films based on them, as a sort of Etonian version of Micky Spillane—a stylish celebration of violence, snobbishness and sex.

Whatever trifling criticisms may be made of Mr Hart-Davis's handling of his subject, they do not seriously detract from what is essentially a competent, well-written and interesting biography. After all, it is not easy to take a period folk hero—which is what Peter Fleming was—and make him seem relevant and worth writing about in the climate of a quite different age. A good example of the difference this coolly recorded incident:

> The start of his final half (at Eton) was interrupted by the General Strike of 1926. In an old, buff-coloured car procured from the ancestral stable at Joyce Grove he set out every morning soon after first light for Reading Gaol. There he collected copies of the Government newspaper the *British Gazette* which he ferried to Swindon, armed with a riding crop. . . .

Imagine if anything of the kind happened today! Thunder from the Labour benches, *Nationwide* up in arms, *Panorama* on the rampage, denunciations in the *Mirror*, *Any Questions?* neither to hold nor to bind, Scanlon Agonistes. A riding crop—just imagine!

Peter Fleming's success was really phenomenal; he excelled all along the line, equally at school and at Oxford. Editor of *Isis*, a first in his finals, distinction at the OUDS. A best-seller in his early twenties with *Brazilian Adventure*, the story of a quest for the missing explorer, Colonel Fawcett, followed up by two others, *One's Company* and *News from Tartary*; marriage to a charming and gifted actress, Celia Johnson; in line for the editorship of *The Times* if he happened to want it, and anyway a highly regarded special correspondent and contributor of fourth leaders, of dreadful memory to a former editor of *Punch*—the job, incidentally, he really should have had, as I used to reflect, looking out of the window, and enviously into the office of the *News of the World* over the way.

When the Second World War broke out, Peter Fleming had a commission in the Grenadiers and contacts with special Intelligence branches. He seemed a natural for a war, and might be expected to emerge at the end covered with decorations, to settle down and write the most successful war book ever. Curiously enough, this did not happen. Worldly success depends on being, as it were, in sync with the contemporary scene, and it was at this point that Fleming began to get out of sync, never to get properly in again. After a series of rather crackpot adventures in Norway and Greece, an assignment under GHQ Home Forces during the invasion scare, and one of those ludicrous missions Intelligence branches have a way of dreaming up, he settled down to deception-planning in India and the Far East, and ended the war as lieutenant-colonel with an OBE. The mission in question was to visit Italian prisoner-of-war camps in North Africa with a view to recruiting anti-fascist guerrillas. The trouble with I-men, as with newspaper proprietors, is that they tend to believe their own fantasies. Of course there were no Italians in the camps who wanted to fight against Mussolini, not because they all loved their Duce, but because, having managed to extricate themselves from the war, they had no fancy for resuming operations on the other side. Falstaff's army, even more than Dad's, is the true syndrome.

It was in connection with Fleming's deception work that I was summoned from Lourenço Marques to Cairo to confer with him. As a spurious vice-consul I carried a diplomatic bag and wore civilian clothes, but he was resplendent as a major. We met in the long since demolished Shepherds Hotel. He gave me an impression of being somehow frozen or varnished over, but was otherwise most amiable. We were to await the arrival of the head of his service, Brigadier Dudley Clarke, who was supposed to be arriving any minute from England, he having, as Fleming put it, God-high priority. Actually, he was delayed, and I only caught a glimpse of him, but I duly planted some deception material about Allied plans in the bars and stews of Lourenço Marques when I got back there, with what result, if any, I have no idea. It rather surprised me that, apart from one acknowledgement, Dudley Clarke is unmentioned in Duff Hart-Davis's book. I always understood that he was the originator and inspirer of the deception service to which Fleming belonged—what we used to call A-force.

Will Peter Fleming be remembered and his books continue to be read? I rather doubt it, though the extraordinary, and I should say sick, vogue for Bond is likely to ensure a place in the social histories for Ian. The folk heroes who survive best tend to be, like Byron and Casanova and T. E. Lawrence and Oscar Wilde, essentially vicious, which Peter Fleming most emphatically was not. On the contrary, he was an honourable, brave intelligent and gifted man; in fact, an authentic gentleman, but just at the time when the *genre* had become obsolescent and out of fashion—which gives his story a Cervantes slant. To his mother, Eve, by all accounts a very tiresome woman, he behaved impeccably: for instance, sitting steadily in court through an embarrassing case which involved her being accused in her seventies of enticing the Marquis of Winchester, aged ninety-three, away from his Parsee Marchioness, Bapsy Pavry, aged fifty-four. As for his writing, I scarcely know. As it happens, I never cared much for it, any more than his Fourth Leaders made me laugh, but there were plenty of people, including most of the leading critics of the time, who praised it to the skies. So we shall see. In any case, there will be for the record this affectionately sympathetic account of him and his life and work.

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Allegories and epifannies

By Susannah Clapp

New Writers XI
SVEND AGE MADSEN:
The Judge
DAVID MOWAT:
Four Stories
J. M. HENEGAN:
The Green Fields Gone
221pp. Calder and Boyars. £2.95.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Dane meet, as contributors, in the pages of *New Writers XI*. Svend Age Madsen's "The Judge" is a nine-page enigma. A man (or, perhaps, a woman) describes his lonely sojourn on an island. His only companion has, it seems, been murdered: investigation of the crime appears to be his responsibility. From the beginning the threat of allegory hovers over the story. The dottiness and painstaking thoroughness of his researches—he rummages in the corpse, stakes off part of the seabed, and looks up trees for clues—support the suspicion that something more than mere murder is afoot. And, considering the lofty aloofness of the narrator, it's perhaps fortunate, for him and for us, that he found something to do.

David Mowat's four stories are strange, arch sketches of isolated oddities. In "Colin", a nine-year-old film director—complete with secretary and toy cigarettes—is seen falling into puddles and giving an elaborate exposition of his theory of "pure action". Acknowledgment of human ridiculousness makes "Colin" more sympathetic than the two stories which follow: the first about a philosophical juggler and his metaphysical friends, the second about a wanderer caught in "amniotic glooms". The final study, in which a bored woman wonders if she would like her lover better if he smoked and were less artistic, is intriguing—as if snatched from the centre of a novel.

J. M. Henegan's "The Green Fields Gone" takes the dubious and unwieldy form of a confessional cure. A silly-sounding analyst pops LSD into the mouth of the oddly-named Emmet and, apart from occasional probings about family and guilt, leaves him to find his own answers by writing it all down. What emerges is a sprawling, word-playing, heavily familiar analysis of Irishness. Steering himself through his memories and guilts with the aid of subtitles such as "Oedipus Wrecks" and "Epifanny", Emmet comes up, unsurprisingly, with a possessive mother and a fiddle-playing fighting father. His childhood was all apple-scrumping, First Communion and being fumbled by the priest; his youth spent among "golden-creamed Dublinpints" and constantly roaring loins. Very nice some of his memories are too, but not strong enough to justify his bellow of bardic hilarity:

> Now that you've called your mother a cunt,
> You are a poet, in the heel of the hunt.

Spirit of 1943

By Thomas Shippey

LOTHAR-GUNTHER BUCHHEIM :
U-Boat
Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn
480pp. Collins. £3.

U-Boat starts with a map of the submarine *U-A* and a list of her crew. The author's claim to have written a novel but not a work of fiction means essentially that the men are fictitious but the map is not, a conclusion that the rest of the book bears out. It evinces and even communicates a genuine interest in trimming and compensation tanks, in how to hang the ship on her periscope by balancing volume and buoyancy, in air-induction valves and potash cartridges and all the rest of the submarine paraphernalia. But against this background the characters live most when simply functional. The captain and chief engineer have no names, only jobs; the ratings' private lives are present only in streams of obscene anecdotes, the moral of which is that, "for long periods, life on board is monotonous"; and such feelings as they have are expressed in terms of belch, gob, and vomit.

This utter boredom in human terms of course makes a point, though it may not be the same point for British and German readers. From the British side the problem is lack of sympathy (to say the least), and it is answered only by a new realization of the sheer difficulty of the U-boat crew's job. Naturally absorption in the job kills any consideration of what the job is: something which makes it easier to understand, if not forgive, the 26,000 dead German submariners. A German reader might not have this sense of hostility slowly lulled, but might also find Mr Buchheim leaning too heavily on the active serviceman's hostility to Hitler (and vice versa). Propaganda items are voiced and ridiculed often enough, but it is hard to see who is having the last laugh. The hard-case veteran skipper can admire the British, regret the destruction and sneer at the Gestapo all he likes, but he does what the Gestapo wants.

Much might hang on whether it is the author or the narrator who keeps wavering towards the "we have been betrayed" theory, for the latter case would open up all sorts of interesting ironies. It seems likely, though, that the simple view is right: the author likes his rough, repulsive crewmen, is engaged with comradeship and the spirit of 1943, and has written not a novel but a celebration.

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STANLEY MIDDLETON
Holiday (Hutchinson)
C P SNOW
In Their Wisdom (Macmillan)
Winner will be announced 27 November 1974

The unfrozen North

By Norman Shrapnel

PHYLLIS BENTLEY :
More Tales of the West Riding
205pp. Gollancz. £2.30.

EDWIN SAMUEL :
The Man Who Liked Cats
and Other Stories
178pp. Vallentine Mitchell. £2.95.

A little alarming, one might think, to find Phyllis Bentley celebrating her eightieth birthday with a new set of stories as implacable as these. The first establishes the pattern: not satisfied with a pair of spine-chillingly calm murders she slips in a third, as artfully concealed as a tripwire on a cliff path. As she starts she goes on—and with a composure that would make Maupassant wince.

There is violence and violence, and Miss Bentley's is essentially the older, literary sort in which blood may be as red as it is painted but is not really the stuff to be found in veins, pathologists' test tubes or court cases. As a regional novelist who celebrates the West Riding with pride, she clearly feels no need to apologize for the emotional content of what the blurb calls "full-blooded tales of business rivalries and sexual jealousies, even of murder and madness".

There are few ambiguities or half-shades in Miss Bentley's world. She deals with well-heeled men in the cloth trade whose emotions are quarried from the rock face, whose wives and daughters tend to be substantial beauties, dominating or beseechingly helpless according to the demands of the plot. Little quarter is asked or given, regardless of age. In one story a school girl, sitting on her Edwardian garden swing, sees a double murder through a bedroom window. Even Miss Bentley's nerve, however, can sometimes slip. The later stories, which bring us up to our own day, are softer in impact. "She's not so bad, isn't old Gladys, after all", one defused character says of another. It sounds almost like capitulation.

We all know by now that the emotional life of the West Riding is much like everywhere else: yet it would be wrong to dismiss out of hand such highly professional exploitation of a pathetic fallacy. Miss Bentley has shrewd if somewhat theatrical insights into human behaviour, with or without a Yorkshire accent, and her narrative vitality can only be envied by more fashionable writers. On the evidence of *The Man Who Liked Cats* something of this story-telling singularity and skill is shared by Edwin Samuel, who certainly couldn't be accused of parochialism.

Lord Samuel seems bent on dispersing his considerable gift in a frenzy of cosmopolitanism. Moving without turning a hair from tourist's Switzerland to gangster's Australia, from earth to outer space, from brothels to old ladies' homes, from a student who thinks he is a cake of soap to a rich old man put in the deep freeze to save death duties, he sets out to entertain without venturing to go very deep.

Enemas of promise

By James Booth

DAVID ELLIOTT :
Pieces of Night
228pp. Gollancz. £2.75.

A young child struggles in vain against the insanity inflicted on him by a cruel adult world. The narrator is the child himself, now grown up, the veteran of numerous asylums and prisons. He draws his own moral: "The blame goes nowhere. There were too many people." These "people" do not, however, appear as people: only as agents of suffering—the narration is strictly egocentric to convey the child's claustrophobic world. The picture is all foreground and the foreground is all suffering. From first, when the three-year-old reaches through the bars of his cot to touch the feet of the various men in his prostitute mother's bed, to last, when the ten-year-old succumbs to the combined onslaught of asthma and madness, everything goes wrong with more than Hardyesque persistence.

His mother retires to her bedroom "bored", leaving him to subsist for days on raisins and anti-infective sugar, and then, bursting out again, her dress caked with excrement, she seduces him (he is now eight). Later he is fobbed off on an aunt and uncle who give him regular enemas; at his next foster home he is required to clear up the mess of another aunt who has suffered an "exploded gut" and shits from her exposed intestine into a rubber bag. Even the tyres on his new red bike explode almost at once. Only the ardent coprophiliac could call this book enjoyable.

Nor is it, despite its serious theme, a serious book. The scatology is modish and literary. The first-person narrative viewpoint is badly compromised. At one point the narrator remarks: "But pain is pain, and very young children know more than we think they do." Where in his life of asylums and prisons, of asthma and sodomy, has the narrator come by this cosy sententiousness? The first-person convention thrives on such ambiguities. But here the narrator is demanding sympathy not simply for a self with whom he cannot be identified, but for a self with whom he has not convincingly empathized. And the result is, however perversely, sentimental.

Criminal proceedings

VICTOR CANNING :
The Mask of Memory
260pp. Heinemann. £2.90.

All Canning's adult books are interestingly dissimilar. This is a sad one, concerned chiefly with lovelessness, a wife sick because emotionally deserted by her husband, the rustic lover (in speech, alas, out of Canning's children's books by Mellors) cunningly deceiving and on the make, Our Secret Servicing of cold nasty men—but this potentially most exciting part of the story never jells. A novel about betrayals rather than a thriller, with a conventionally happy ending it is hard to believe in.

FRANCIS CLIFFORD :
The Grosvenor Square Goodbye
224pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.40.

Clifford, good or very good, has no trodden track, is always unpredictable. This thriller of hostaging in a Grosvenor Square hotel is very good and admirably constructed. The apparent confusion of too many initial introductions is of cunning intent, the major plot blinding us to the minor until the latter explodes at the end.

KENNETH COOK :
Bloodhouse
120pp. Heinemann. £2.10.

The melancholy lives of intelligent married women often make good sad thrillers. Here the Jewish wife is a former refugee, the husband an academic Scot and TV personality, and the daughter as nasty an adolescent as comes. After some horrid Scottish Nationalist excesses and agonizing revelations, poor Rachel is left realistically and (since the telling is moving beyond mere thriller needs) painfully desolate. Among good locales, the sub-terrain of Edinburgh is excellent.

ROBERT C. DENNIS :
Conversations with a Corpse
195pp. Gollancz. £2.20.

As in his effective first book, *Sweat of Fear*, Dennis again uses his architect-narrator's gift of psychometry only to set the scene, and thereafter works with solid investigative processes. In the small West Coast town where Reeder suspects murder, that murder turns out to be so revoltingly done as to shock even the hardened reviewer.

ELIZABETH FERRARS :
Alive and Dead
192pp. Collins. £2.25.

A nice womanly murder story with a provincial association for helping unmarried mothers at its centre. The action, though involving only a few characters, is extremely complicated and, when the last villain is unveiled, beyond belief.

DAVID FLETCHER :
A Lovable Man
189pp. Macmillan. £2.10.

Uniformly unattractive characters in thrillers perhaps make for realism, but not for the enjoyable escape-reading that lovers of the genre generally seek. Fletcher's first is clever and promising: its eponymous anti-hero a nasty man who draws nasty affections from unhealthy people who eventually suffer for his crime. This is not appetizing reading.

MICHAEL GILBERT :
Flash Point.
192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.40.

The intricacies of the legal world are Gilbert's speciality, and once again he welds them ingeniously in this story of an obstinate solicitor, an apparently honest politician, a certainly dishonest government. There is a stalwart thread of *fiat justitia* throughout, though as to where justice really lies we are kept guessing for a commendably long time and, in one instance, after the end. A couple of caveats: the only occasional appearances of a first-person narrator confuses; and it would have been proper to have at least a hint that obstinate Jonas might continue to secure the young lady's interest.

WILLIAM HAGGARD :
The Kinsmen
192pp. Cassell. £2.40.

No Charles Russell this time, but a melodrama in a curiously untense key about an old lady's will, a cool crook leaning on the rightful heir and some greedy incompetents creating a wrong one. The fault, as usual, is complacency, but the story, with its quiet buccaneer of a hero, contemptuous of all laws that impede the free flow of money, will appeal to anyone concerned with inheritance.

S. B. HOUGH :
Fear Fortune, Father
223pp. Gollancz. £2.40.

Crime to Dalby, fifty, unemployed, middle class, almost without resources, has come to seem "the natural art form and expression of the depressed social classes". He isn't, you see, entirely without resources: he has fantasy and deceit and infatuation, and can just manage minor crime. But there's no gain for him or anyone else around his perimeter, because there is only reality, eventually nothing but corruption for everyone. Hough's testament of moral despair is pretty dismal, no delight anywhere except in the author's craftsmanship.

MICHAEL INNES :
The Mysterious Commission
192pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

Not, as the blurb claims, vintage Innes: rather an elegantly convoluted (as always) minor work, with a new central character, a portrait painter drawn into an imbroglio which recalls, it is said, a more devious version of the League of Red-Headed Men.

JAMES MITCHELL :
Death and Bright Water
281pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.75.

Callan is a nasty man. Callan needs a bit of action with a gun like other men need a fix. And that even our top-tier secret organization of needs Callan once again, so here he is in another adventure with his smelly crook pal Lonely, rescuing a pretty political from Crete, and earning, as always, at least our admiration.

ERIC PACE :
Any War Will Do
241pp. André Deutsch. £2.50.

An intelligent, well-written journalist's novel on the gun-running

The professor's wife

Russell Davies

ALVAREZ :
Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

a prominent critic commits, comparatively late in life, first novel that doesn't come is rather as if a pacifist had swallowed his principles, to the trenches and been shot on his first raid. The sense ppiness and regret is exacer- A. Alvarez returns from his fictional skirmish still breath- ut gravely wounded. *Hers* is a good novel, or even the rich e of otherwise unusable pas- , ideas and characters many a man has boiled up into that able minestrone called "good- " fiction. It aims at narrow in- , and achieves only a sub- raciness. The Alvarez com- rated in *Beyond All This* e would have been among the merciless in pointing out the is thinness of texture, the ed-off facility of much of its , the way in which its few big occupations stalk all over its acters, squashing them flat.

ut then another Alvarez is in ge here, one who is prepared to lend the force of the narrator's voice to sullen rejections of the academic life, the literary life, love-life. Charles Stone, his middle-aged professor of English at a university which might as well be Oxford, is a sitting target, and Sam Green, the Jewish postgraduate student, a convenient dab hand at knocking the chocks away from under high art and its professional devotees. (Sam and Alvarez conspire to dispatch the art of biography, for example, in a phrase: "One man's life and work transformed into another's lifework. What tedium.") Disillusion rules, with Sam's renunciation of learning paralleled first by Charles's own legitimate doubts, and then by the demolition of the old boy's morale out on the highway, where he is victimized by a gang of ton-up illegitimates.

Attention is by now shifting, however, to Charles's wife Julie, the only character whose motives still offer scope for speculation, and whose possibilities do not yet boil down to a straight choice between rather dingy alternatives. Julie is a German girl in her early thirties, and as yet unblemished, even by her early sufferings at the hands of the Russian Army, her subsequent removal to England, a miscarriage, and finally two children by the besotted and incredulous Charles.

But something within is wrong: it is Germany, and the loss of her father, a pastor quietly eliminated by the Nazis during the German twilight. So, taking naive Sam as a lover, she embarks on a course of sexual therapy which reveals itself at last, with Sam discarded, as a self-directed exorcism. Julie succumbs to the spiritual sickness once patented by Hans Castorp (what's more she is pregnant again), and takes herself off to a German mountain clinic, run by rehabilitated SS monsters. By a complicated process of treble-think involving purgative sex with Kurt, a drug-addicted "guiltless" German, and the aborting of the child, who may be Sam's or Charles's, she convinces herself that the ghosts have been laid along with men, and returns to the chill bosom of a wondering family.

Lesser writers, strangely, have been able to bring this kind of plot briefly to life. But the deep dissatisfactions at the heart of this book seem doomed to express themselves in unsatisfactory ways: "a current flickered along the tracery of her nerves like St Elmo's fire"; "his mother's face lit up suddenly like Guy Fawkes night." An already bathetic sideswipe at the inaccuracy of weather forecasts is made yet more clumsy when Alvarez tops it off by comparing the bulletins to "election promises". It is all a tale of unhappy miscalculations, and one can only hope that it will not contribute significantly to Mr Alvarez's already alarming disaffection for the world of letters.

Occupational hazards

John Alexander

CAROL OATES :
riages and Infidelities
Stories
Gollancz. £2.90.

LAVIN :
Stories
ne II
Constable. £3.75.

g a catch-all title to a block- ing gatherum (about five dred pages, unbelievably cheap e price) of short stories pub- d over the last six years is cult unless the writer is abnor- y one-track-minded. And Joyce l Oates is not that: so although *riages and Infidelities* is per- s baggy and capacious a all as even a copy-editor's in- ity can muster, it does not ther touch what is most strik- about the striking stories it ains. Marriage is, to be sure, arena for much of these fic- activities, and infidelities— adilloes on the side, stumblings the wayside, and downright ngs and goings—are common eir people. In this world no home comforts are allowed to consoling for long, and only expect them to, like the fel- arriving home from a trouble- attempt to revive relation- with his father:

> parked the car in the garage. Everything was quiet here—his e would be in the kitchen, his s in the living-room watching levision. He had lived evenings e this before. There was no reat. Preparing dinner right w, his wife would be in the tchen; he would eat; and then would sleep.

urse, there has been a threat: wife has only just broken off affair, and on this night in icular she very nearly wasn't in kitchen. The story's title is traordinary Popular Delu-".

e distinctive still is Joyce l Oates's perception that the Man or Woman may well be one you married, now grown ; the lover who has become a er in your bed. And growing like sickness and death, is part he wider set of concerns which iages can aptly (though not ely) highlight. Children too a matter central, but not ed, to marriage. Miss Oates ents, as perhaps few others do, those gnawing parental about what might happen to children. In "The Children", e nice suburban kids are, their ndaging being terrorized by a hapen child; perhaps they're even learning murderous private languages, and how to kill animals, from him. In "Stalking", a lonely pubescent girl, nourished on TV fantasies, stalks an imaginary adversary through streets and stores, watching him get knocked over and bleed, and sees herself ripping zippers on dresses in boutiques and pushing over dustbins. "Puzzle" has a three-year-old boy assaulted by older pals who roll him in the gutter, covered in leaves; he's finally engulfed by city dangers (he dies in a flooded storm-drain). Threats lurk within the house for children as well as for parents. A crazy father cauterizes his son's hand on an electric hotplate after a minor scratch ("You want to get lockjaw or something?"). A mother anxious to elicit information about a cruel neighbouring lad beats her daughter bloody with a spoon.

Violence is everywhere: and I've met no one except Miss Oates who is able to match the Lawrence of *Sons and Lovers* in generating physical shocks in the telling of violence—the bash and smash of body upon body—or the fear of it. Herself such an astute onlooker at violent scenes, she makes subjects of the recorders and observers of world conflicts: an anthropologist working in Belfast, a journalist whose speciality is American violence. Too often they are found to be not connecting the aloofly observed material with their own lives. Absences spent studying Belfast children prevent the anthropologist knowing his own child—brain-damaged when an urn his father brought back from Mexico fell on him. A city planner, famous for helping the needy, has forced on him his own daughter—whom he never knew existed—a junkie, dying slowly: and his appreciation of the plight of America's children becomes instantly different, because personal. "Did you ever slip on red blood?": the immediacy of the question, asked by a stewardess involved in a hijack of the FBI agent who shot the pirate, is one these stories constantly seek to bring home to their people and to the reader.

The need to narrow the gap, to become involved, and the problems this brings, is also applied to writers. Just as parents are observed observing their children—their creatures—and feeling the sense of responsibility as well as the glow of creativity, Miss Oates, in a distinguished set of experimental stories scattered through this collection, reflects on the creativity of writers. In "Inventions", the narrator, a stenographer and nurse, scrutinizes her dying charge: "I invented her with bracelets"; "I have to invent her face"; "I have not invented her, not all of her"; "I will invent more of her". The relationship is tense, and finally destructive: the narrator dies with her charge—only the reader remains. But the creativity of writers, as of parents, is immensely powerful. The superb opening story of the collection has a university teacher of literature chasing the trove of papers of a much admired, recently dead poet. The young widow is astoundingly generous and accommodating, and hands over a roomful of unpublished material, drafts, notes, as well, of course, as her body. So the overjoyed researcher is a bit shocked when a rival comes along: he too has been promised, and will doubtless get, the goods. The shock is compounded by the discovery of a plot outline among the poet's papers, in which a dying writer marries a beautiful young girl, who, after his death, loves a chain of men who all come to her because they love the writer's work. Generation—of fiction, of families—is above all potentially harmful.

The point is made astutely, explosively, again and again. Perhaps nowhere more vividly than in "By the River". A girl is making the guilty journey many of Joyce Carol Oates's people make: back from the city to her family and her small-town, small-time origins. She does not make it. Her pa, a moral but spiritually bruised old man, lures her to a river bank and stabs her to death among the reeds: she should not have shamed them all by leaving her husband and baby for the city years before. The narration is slow, mountingly sinister, and the ending makes a quite shattering impact: "He did not raise the knife but slammed it into her chest, up to the hilt, so that his whitened fist struck her body and her blood exploded out upon it."

Mary Lavin's stories inhabit a much gentler world, whose humane texture might sound like a touristic blend of every mythic property of provincial Ireland—soft as the brogue, warm as the summer rain, browny welcoming as Guinness. But Mary Lavin is also the kind of regularly good writer who is damned with loud praise. Her tales of love, marriage, growing up, farming, fishing, going to "chapel" for Mass, and living with the priests forever up your nose, evince a unique blend of the paralyzing narrowness Joyce bemoaned in Dubliners and the mythic Yeatsian Ireland of Gaelic story. And she writes with a purity of form, a rightness of pitch and tone, that remind one of Chekhov. The mark of the great writer is stamped on the brow of her fictions: focusing intently though they do on narrow religiosity and gossipmongering peepers and constrainers, on sin and parochial grandeurs, on mean lives, feeble deaths, and insignificant concerns, they nevertheless expand mightily.

Impassioned birdsong

By Alasdair Maclean

KNUT HAMSUN :
Victoria
Translated by Oliver Stallybrass
170pp. Condor. £2.50.

The Victoria of Knut Hamsun's short novel, written almost a hundred years ago, is the squire's beautiful daughter; Johannes, her childhood playmate, is the poor but clever son of the local miller. The novel tells the story of their unconsummated and tragic love—a bitter fairy story.

Hamsun puts some flesh on this brief outline but not much. No one lives happily ever after. Indeed, the ending of *Victoria* is almost as corpse-strewn as that of *Hamlet* (and on an everyday level no more convincing). Victoria, as she grows up, learns that her family is bankrupt and that she must marry money. She agrees to be engaged to Otto, a boorish but rich young officer. Johannes becomes a famous writer, though not apparently a sufficiently wealthy one to rescue Victoria. He too becomes engaged—to Camilla, an empty-headed flirt whom he had earlier saved from drowning in a dramatic dockside rescue. Otto is spectacularly killed in a hunting accident, the squire commits suicide, burning his castle down in the process, Camilla decides to marry someone else, and Victoria dies of consumption after writing a farewell love letter to Johannes.

There is enough melodrama here to make the plot summary sound absurd. But this would also be true of most fairy stories and Hamsun is not after realism. He makes little effort to settle the various small questions that arise in the reader's mind as he follows the plot. (Why, for example, does everything hinge on Victoria? Why can't Ditlef, her brother, do something to restore the family glory?) The problem is whether he has achieved anything at a level deeper than the simple, naive surface his story presents.

In my view, Hamsun has responded with hackneyed treatment to the challenge of hackneyed material. There is too strong an impression of impassioned birdsong and love-stricken young men feverishly pacing their rooms all night and too much writing of the kind that has the champagne burning in his veins with a low flame.

Rebecca West has praised Hamsun for his knowledge of human nature, and there are indications here that she was justified. He obviously knew about the possibilities for misunderstanding between lovers, the often deliberate perversity of their conduct towards one another and the half-welcome hurt that this can cause to both giver and receiver. The section of his book where this knowledge is best displayed comes in the middle, especially in a party scene at the castle. Here the fairy story analogy breaks down, but as the narrative becomes more complex and more interesting, the novel modulates towards something more ordinary than a fairy story—romantic fiction.

Nancy Cato, the author of *Brown Sugar* (241pp. Heinemann. £2.50), is described as a fifth-generation Australian, which explains this sympathetic but rather laborious novel: the story of two families of settlers and their part in the rise of the Queensland sugar industry. The families have many diverse members (by reason of marriage they are also of diverse colours), ranging from religious nut to opera-singing courtesane. If they remain excessively faithful to their somewhat novelettish conception it's because the author's interest in the historical background leaves little room for subtle manoeuvring among the characters.

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It was Alexander Woollcott who first noted that the best things in life were either illegal, immoral or fattening. The winter issue of FOLIO Quarterly is none of these – but *free* it is, although it is hardly new. It is *always* free to members of The Folio Society, in fact (though non-members pay a subscription rate of £1 a year for their four copies): but this winter issue is free to anyone who enjoys books and reading, and pottering about in the highways and byways of literature and history. Please let us know if you would like a copy.

It contains articles by Peter Levi, S.J. on *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, the Rt. Hon. J. Enoch Powell on *Confessions of a Thug* by Meadows Taylor, and Professor Dennis Welland on *Domestic Manners of the Americans* by Frances Trollope. There are further contributions to a Christmas symposium from Yehudi Menuhin, V. S. Naipaul, Sir Alfred Ayer, Patricia Highsmith, Mervyn Horder, Lord Eccles, J. H. Plumb, Sir Hugh Greene, Joyce Grenfell, Paul Johnson, Mary Stewart, Nicolas Bentley and Marghanita Laski; and book reviews by David Holloway.

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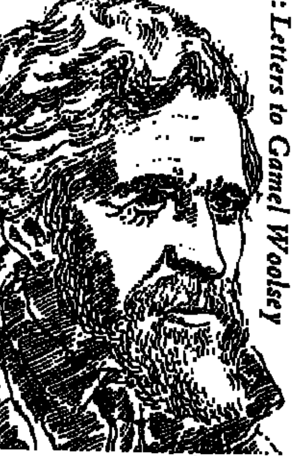
POWYS : So Wild a Thing



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A hundred years of Russell

GEORGE NAKHNIKIAN (Editor) :
Bertrand Russell's Philosophy
278pp. Duckworth. £8.50.

The fourteen essays collected in this volume were written for a symposium held in March 1972 at Indiana University to commemorate the centenary of Russell's birth. They are distributed over a wide range of topics: Russell's logic and its philosophical implications, his ontology, his theory of knowledge, his views on scientific method, and his political philosophy, including his involvement in the politics of the Cold War. For the most part, the essays are arranged in pairs, the second of each pair being in some measure a response to the first. Among the thirteen authors are a number of well-known British and American philosophers.

The essays are as variable in quality as they are in subject-matter and style. At one extreme, there is a severely technical article in formal logic by Frederic Fitch, in which he discusses the problem of proving the consistency of *Principia Mathematica*. At the other is a self-serving lecture by Ralph Schoenman, Russell's controversial private secretary, on his involvement in the "peace movement": it might well be subtitled "Why Russell failed for so long to grasp the essential truths of Marxism." It is no doubt an important document for scholarly consideration of Russell's last period of political activity, but it is more a report on the activities of the Russell Foundation than a penetrating analysis of his political philosophy.

Between these extremes come nine essays on Russell's philosophy. The first is an unpaired essay by Roderick Chisholm on the nature of knowledge by acquaintance in Russell's epistemology. It is excessively parasitic on its author's other publications, and scarcely intelligible on its own. It also fails to make any connexion between knowledge by description and the theory of definite descriptions; this error leads to an absurd account of Russell's fundamental contention that knowledge by acquaintance, unlike knowledge by description, is independent of knowledge of truths.

Next comes a pair of essays on Russell's ontology, and the philosophy of mind. The first is an immensely long and intricate essay by Wilfrid Sellars. He argues that the key to interpreting Russell's account of the self is an argument that was on the tip of his pen, though he never formulated it:

> If I were acquainted with the subject, I would know its intrinsic nature.
>
> I do not know its intrinsic nature.
>
> Therefore I am not acquainted with the subject.

This is a very implausible interpretation, since of all Russell's gifts in philosophy his greatest was the ability to find a clear, even pithy, formulation of his convictions. Professor Sellars supports his interpretation by a lengthy analysis of knowledge by acquaintance and the relation of this notion to ideas found in Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*. Some of this is interesting and valuable—e g, the account of belief-propositions in the *Tractatus*. Most of it, however, is invalidated through inattention to the development of Russell's philosophy. Professor Sellars begins by quoting a formulation of the principle of acquaintance dating from 1959, and simply identifies this principle with the principle of acquaintance in the *Problems of Philosophy* of 1912; this is incorrect, because the exception made for logical connectives (*and, or, if*) and quantifiers (*all, some*) was an important modification, due to Wittgenstein, of Russell's original exceptionless principle.

There is a pair of essays on Russell's theories of memory. The first, by David Pears, concentrates on the theories developed over the period 1912-21. Mr Pears discerns two such theories. The earlier invoked direct acquaintance with past experiences, and had to be abandoned in 1919 when Russell gave up the notion of the ego or subject of experience. The later gave a dual central role to images, both as data for knowledge of the remote past and as the meanings of propositions about the past. Mr Pears's article is subtle and penetrating, as well as clear and brisk in presentation. Wesley Salmon's article is tangentially related to Russell's much later theory of memory in *Human Knowledge*. It is not at all a discussion of Russell's views, but rather a very idiosyncratic suggestion of how he might have filled what appears to be a lacuna in his postulates of scientific inference. Professor Salmon's central contention is that perception is indistinguishable from memory except by reference to its causation. This would open the way to striking forms of scepticism that Russell never contemplated, even in his wildest nightmares of Cartesian doubt.

Next comes a pair of essays on Russell's later views on induction and scientific method. Grover Maxwell argues that Russell offers a form of reductionism for the significance of theoretical terms in science in combination with ontological realism. He claims that the principle that every proposition which we can understand must be composed of entities with which we are acquainted does not carry the consequence of ontological reductionism, but he fails to make clear how to evade the objections raised against a scientific realism which is modelled on representative realism as a theory of perception. Professor Salmon's (second) paper explores and defends Russell's exposition of the principles of non-demonstrative inference in *Human Knowledge*. His thesis is that Russell's work is the antithesis of Carnap's: Carnap attempted to give a precise formalized theory of probability, and had to impose limitations rendering it totally inadequate for an account of actual scientific inference; Russell, by contrast, gives a set of very imprecise principles that do give some guidance in judging actual inferences, but are far removed from any precise formalization.

Finally we have two essays on Russell's political philosophy. Richard Wollheim argues for the thesis that this is a "sustained attempt to repair that of John Stuart Mill : to supplement its deficiencies, and to demonstrate its applicability to the ever-changing realities of the twentieth century". His main claims are that Russell's views on society follow directly from his account of the psychological nature of man, and that the basis of his psychological theory is the extensional equivalence of the set of creative desires and the set of compassable desires. The whole essay is closely argued, lucid and fascinating. George Nakhnikian's reply is a short attack on Russell's assumption that political and social reforms can alone create human happiness.

What meaning means

THOMAS E. HILL :
The Concept of Meaning
328pp Allen and Unwin. £6.95.

Thomas E. Hill undertakes to construct a general theory of meaning, or, more accurately, to develop the framework for a theory of meaning. In his desire to be comprehensive, he takes into account all uses of the verb "mean"; not only in such contexts as "'Il fait froid, n'est-ce pas?' means 'Isn't it cold today?'" and "my statement 'My uncle is pushing up daisies' means that my uncle is dead", but also in such contexts as "those black clouds mean rain" and "that this tile is square means that it has equal diagonals intersecting at right angles". His thesis, enshrined in his title, is that there is a unitary concept of meaning manifest in all these varied uses, and his principal criticism of other theories of meaning is that they have split up this one concept into several distinct and unrelated ones.

The *Concept of Meaning* can be divided into three parts. The first three chapters contain very general preliminary remarks about the concept of meaning; these discuss bearers of meaning, modes or ways of meaning, and the influence of context on meaning. The next five chapters review extant theories of meaning. Professor Hill considers stimulus, response, referential, verificationist and use theories of meaning, in each case exposing the partial truths that they incorporate and the important issues they neglect. The last two chapters contain his own positive account of the unitary concept of meaning. The first develops the notion of an "experience pattern", and the second applies it in arguing for the essential unity of the concept of meaning.

In examining the five major alternative theories of meaning, Professor Hill follows a uniform procedure. First, he constructs what purport to be statements of the different forms of the theory under examination by stringing together quotations from relevant authors with his own paraphrases and explanations. Then he reviews various well-known objections to the theory. Finally, he presses his own criticisms and extracts whatever grains of truth are contained in the theory. But his book is impressive only for its ambition. The statements of theories are little more than pastiches of quotations, sometimes inaccurate and often misunderstood. The parade of criticisms is too allusive to be intelligible to anyone not thoroughly familiar with the relevant literature and too perfunctory to carry any weight with someone who is. His own criticisms depend primarily on the dogma that no other theory of meaning explains the possibility of understanding new combinations of words in sentences, and on the thesis that a correct theory of meaning must do justice to the full width of the allegedly single concept of meaning.

Professor Hill's own theory of meaning is also seriously defective. It is not altogether comprehensive—e g, he ignores the possibility of some form of formalism as a theory of meaning (the identification of the meaning of an expression with the expression itself or some other canonical expression).

He takes up many stands without argument or awareness of the need for argument: treating illocutionary force and emotive force, for example, as parts of the meaning of expressions. He holds a building-block theory of language according to which the meaning of a complex expression ("the man in the blue shirt") is built up piecemeal from its parts (the idea of a man, qualified by the attribute of being in a shirt, and then further limited by the idea that the shirt be blue); this model is notoriously defective, and might better be replaced by thinking of a sentence as analogous to a state of play in chess, where every piece interacts with every other in a complex field of force. The whole of Professor Hill's analysis is carried on in language that has the virtue of being quite ordinary and non-technical, but the disadvantage of being cumbersome, inexact, and soporific.

Much the most serious problem is Professor Hill's failure to justify his choice of title. He attempts to show that there *is* a unitary concept of meaning by introducing the notion of "experience patterns" and by arguing that it is in every case "experience patterns as satisfying one or more . . . of the major meaning functions" that constitute meanings. The concept of an experience pattern is extremely vague and probably vacuous.

He clarifies it by saying that experience patterns are "contents or patterns of actual or possible repeatable and shareable experience". If his account of meaning is to cover such *a priori* truths as that two plus two equals four, then experience patterns have no essential relation with experience, and his thesis about meaning boils down to the uninformative statement that meanings, whatever they might be, must be capable of being communicated and of being apprehended by more than one person. *The Concept of Meaning* establishes as its conclusion the insight from which Frege began a century ago in developing a much more sophisticated account of the sense of a sentence. The unity of the concept of meaning is simply that the expressions linked by the verb "mean" in Professor Hill's initial examples are themselves intelligible—i e, that these examples make sense. It would be most worrying if this were not so.

The Concept of Meaning is the product of the optimistic belief that, if one casts one's net very wide, something of interest might happen to fall into it. Nothing has.

Libertarian socialist

EUGENE LUNN :
Prophet of Community
The Romantic Socialism of Gustav Landauer
434pp. University of California Press. £6.55.

The fact that this is the second doctoral thesis on the life and work of the German anarcho-socialist, Gustav Landauer, to be published recently in the United States, may be a reflection of a growing public interest in libertarian ideas. Indeed, Eugene Lunn ends his conclusion with the question: "Are we so certain today that technological and urban expansion will solve most of our problems?" However, his attempt to elucidate some of Landauer's more abstruse, mystical theories of what he describes as "völkisch communitarianism" make for rather more confused reading than Maurer's *Call to Revolution*, published in 1971. Dr Lunn presupposes a broad historical knowledge of the period on the part of the reader, filling in interesting details about the conflicts within the Social-Democratic Party in the early 1890s, the emergence of the Independents who rejected the "authoritarian dictatorship" of the SPD executive, and within this group the split between Marxists and libertarian thinkers. He traces the development of Landauer's ideas in this context, showing the influence upon the young man first of Schopenhauer and Wagner and then of Ibsen and Nietzsche, those "apostles of activist individualism", illustrating his brief flirtation with Marxism, before he began to develop his own principles of libertarian socialism.

This is the first published work on Landauer which has made use of the valuable material in the Landauer Archives in the International Institute of Social History, Amsterdam. Indeed, Dr Lunn's research has been most conscientious. Despite the fact that his metaphysical-historical approach leads him to neglect the importance of Landauer's literary work, he does correctly document the direct influence of Landauer's ideas on the Expressionist dramatist, Georg Kaiser, as well as on other writers.

It is unfortunate that Dr Lunn's admirable attempts at translating his quotations from Landauer's work are not always felicitous. He renders Kurt Eisner's call to Landauer in the early days of the Munich revolution in November 1918, explaining that what he wants of him is that "Sie durch rednerische Betätigung an der Umbildung der Seelen mitarbeiten", as "that, through forensic activity, you will cooperate in the reformation of spirits". And what are "cultic communities"? Nevertheless, despite a tendency towards repetitious verbosity and the occasional use of unintelligible jargon, Dr Lunn has produced a useful addition to the literature concerning a subject of which still relatively little is known, particularly in the English-speaking countries. His explanation of the "völkisch" element in Landauer's concept of socialism is of particular use to students of German history, for, as Dr Lunn points out, far too many historians have interpreted "völkisch" ideas purely in the context of the development of Nazi ideology.

The evolution of Evolution

By Rosemary Dinnage

HOWARD E. GRUBER :
Darwin on Man.
A Psychological Study of Scientific Creativity
495pp. Wildwood House. £5.

elaborately constructed so different from each and dependent on each other complex a manner, have all produced by laws acting us", wrote Darwin in the closing passage of *On* *Origin of Species* about natural and their evolutionary ori- Howard E. Gruber's aim in *on Man* is to trace with admiration the evolution of idea of evolution, of the "ela- constructed forms" of thought, equally complex, dependent, and lawful. Dar- a thinker has scarcely been ected, but this is a new and ious attempt to plot the of his ideas against their ectual background in order to a cross-section of the "total of thought", in Professor er's phrase. For good—almost good—measure there are in the half of the book extracts the Beagle diary, the *Biographical Sketch of an Infant*, and published notebooks; and two plete previously unpublished books transcribed and annotated by the biologist, Paul H. Barrett.

makes altogether a slightly volume, suffering from a of transatlantic elephantiasis, worth taking time over. In of its bulk, much has been out: although Professor er is a psychologist and is ing for readers interested in ative psychology rather than biologists, basic facts about natural history and about Darwin's will have to be picked up elsewhere if the book is to be properly erstood. Darwin's personal -up and development, too, are cely touched on; the focus is intellectual process, and the ework of discussion is Piaget-

The mid-Victorian scientific ground is filled in in some tail, as are the influences which ade it—scarcely imaginably to a genuinely fearful matter for win to publish and be damned. ances of contemporary persecution are rehearsed: the case of lliam Lawrence, a lecturer in physiology who had to resign his post and withdraw a book proposing a materialistic theory of mind; the meeting of an undergraduate scientific society, attended by Darwin, where, it is clear from inspection of the minutes, a student paper with a similar slant was expunged from the records.

It is not too hard to fill the brief interval since then with our television or computers, and to marvel coolly at the rapidity of change—these are still toys and gadgets to us, not part of the fabric of our minds. It is much harder to sense the climate of a time when human dignity could be profoundly shaken by placing man under the same natural laws as the rest of the world. "The favoured creature of his Creator", the first issue of the *Zoological Journal* had proclaimed in 1824, "at the head of this system of order and beauty, preeminent in the domain of his reason, stands Man."

The documentation of this intellectual climate includes sections on Darwin's teachers and on his links with his grandfather, Erasmus (the influence of Robert, his father, is perversely ignored). But the justification for the book is its examination of the gradual convolutions of original thought. Professor Gruber has taken a magnifying glass, in particular, to the years 1838-39 and to the data in the previously unpublished notebooks of that period.

To say that his framework is Piagetian is not to imply that it is couched in Jean Piaget's formidable terminology, but that it is concerned less with sudden insights than with a long series of intellectual strategies, of checks and balances and adaptations, of deployments of theoretical resources, of matching and patching models and the slow assimilation of one pattern of ideas into a fresh one: in the words of Piaget's foreword, of the mind's "rhythm of differentiation and integration", as adaptive, purposeful, and tenacious as the evolution of the natural world.

From early on, Professor Gruber shows, Darwin had all he needed ready to be assembled into theory, for the contemporary common pool of knowledge held evidence ripe for synthesis; there was an inevitability about the crystallization which he himself recognized when he wrote: "I verily believe free will & chance are synonymous.—Shake ten thousand grains of sand together & one will be uppermost,—so in thoughts, one will rise according to law." Far from extending, reluctantly, a fully formed evolutionary theory to include man, he saw the human animal as part of the pattern from the start, sometimes put aside into cold storage but never forgotten; the two notebooks reproduced here were specifically started for recording observations of human behaviour relevant to the evolutionary framework. *On the Origin of Species* was finished in 1859 and *The Descent of Man* twelve years later, but it was in 1838 that Darwin wrote: "I will never allow that because there is a chasm between man . . . and animals that man has a different origin."

In tracing, as a paradigm of creative thought, the changing structure of the argument in the interim, Professor Gruber uses several approaches. He picks out and illustrates certain psychological processes; he compares the structure of theory at different stages; he follows single ideas through their various transformations. Certain characteristics of Darwin's method gradually emerge. One is that a relevant insight could be grasped, stored, and then rediscovered later—sometimes more than once, and each time in a different context and with new relevance. It is as though, when an overriding design is kept in mind, attention is continually and only half-consciously picking up things that "look right" ready for when they are needed; in between, until the necessary structure of ideas is prepared, they are "forgotten". From the notebooks it is clear that even the significance of his Galapagos observations did not really strike him until later. He stored those experiences until they intersected with his reading of Malthus, while A. R. Wallace reversed the pattern and stored Malthus, to coincide later with first-hand observation.

Again, the whole pattern of a theory may at times be known, so to speak, in miniature: Darwin's early theory of coral reef formation, for instance, has close parallels with his final—though not his earlier—evolutionary theory; he had at that stage, it seems, a deep but limited grasp of natural structure which was to reappear in the wider context later on.

A further characteristic of the original thinker, Professor Gruber points out, is that he is not trapped by every new idea that comes to him: he can discard, defer, modify. This ruthlessness—"Murdering the vanquished possibility", in William James's phrase—is one of the things that distinguish genius from talent, which is entranced by its modest creations. Originality is the result of rejected discoveries: Professor Gruber produces many examples. And certain whole areas were, in the end, simply judged irrelevant. "Old and Useless Notes" is the title of one of Darwin's notebooks reproduced here, which discusses consciousness, mind and matter, the aesthetic and moral feelings—certainly old, but hardly useless subjects; but for Darwin, finally, of no relevance.

He possessed, too, the necessary strength to keep a multiplicity of ideas—"a network of enterprises" is Professor Gruber's description of scientific thinking—simultaneously active without confusing them; to know not only how to discard, but how to keep things separate, characterizes the bold thinker. He can balance one of these enterprises against the other, and, when a particular line of thought is blocked, follow a different one without entanglement. When necessary, Professor Gruber shows, a scientific model can be gradually modified to incorporate another; or sometimes independent systems coincide to produce a new and unexpected insight, and the infinite capacity for taking pains enables inspiration to happen. All these enterprises of the single-minded thinker are kept constantly in relation to the one chosen purpose. Darwin's notebook says:

> The whole effort consists in keeping one idea before your mind steadily, and not merely intently, . . . it looks so analagous to muscle in one position great fatigue.—May explain excessive labour of inventive thought.

Has Professor Gruber added something new to the fashionable and ever insoluble subject of creativity, or has he just written another book on Darwin? The trouble is that the subject has been halved. He declines to probe the emotional patterns in Darwin's life and work, perhaps understandably, since these are always partly a matter of guesswork; but the resulting description of the way thought evolves, interesting though it is, might prove to be as applicable to the way I plan my front garden as to the way Darwin discovered evolution. The picking apart of "emotional" from "intellectual" distorts any explanation of a creative passion. We are left still guessing what pushed the amiable, ailing Darwin to that excessive labour of inventive thought.

Helmholtz as lawgiver

y John North

HUDA ELKANA :
The Discovery of the Conservation of Energy
pp. Hutchinson Educational. £4.

Arthur Eddington never tired of ying that energy is conserved—in the physicist's sense—because ergy is defined as that ich is conserved. If all known ms of energy in a given situation re to seem to be in imbalance, e chances are that the physicist's ategy would be to define a new m of energy to put matters right, d leave the principle of energy servation inviolate. But, like ose governments which print ney to cover up trade deficits, ch physicists run the risk that e rose will in some way fail to rk.

The act of defining and redefining conceptual boundaries is not a mple one, whether for the physist, the economist or the historian. Eddington's view was certainly ot that which prevailed in the neteenth century; nor, so far as we can make out, is it Yehuda Elkana's. He takes it very much e granted that the "discovery of the conservation of energy" was a irly specific thing, owing most a Hermann von Helmholtz and, although many a rival claim is considered, it would not have been unreasonable of him to have put Helmholtz's name in the title.

Helmholtz's memoir, "On the servation of force", appeared in 47. Note the word "force" ("Kraft"). In 1887 the Göttingen Philosophical Faculty offered a ize for an essay clarifying the relationship between Helmholtz's "Erhaltung der Kraft" and the inciple of the conservation of ergy by then established. Many a nineteenth-century physicist etched the history of the principle in his textbook, but few n have started even the baldest sketches with the name of Helmholtz. Dr Elkana is not, of course, ivious to the precursors of the n to whom he awards the prize, t he invariably finds some essential ingredient missing from their writings. Thomson and Tait claimed that they had found a clear mechanical principle of conservation in Newton, and had their reverence been less they might have found many more. Every schoolboy knows about Joule and Mayer and the mechanical equivalent of heat. T. S. Kuhn has listed more than a score of physicists with a claim to having discovered the principle of energy conservation.

Dr Elkana treats them coolly, usually on such grounds as that they were without a "concept of conservation in all its generality in mathematical terms". Before Helmholtz, he maintains, none of those who recognized the principle supported his argument "by the power of rational proof". Unfortunately the reader is left in the dark as to the precise nature of this "rational proof", so anxious is Dr Elkana to elaborate upon "factors which were a solid and necessary basis for the enunciation of the conservation principle". (The "necessary" is omitted, perhaps indicating a change of heart, on one occasion when these factors, four in number, are repeated.) These factors are the skeleton which shapes his history.

The first is "an *a priori* belief in general conservation principles in nature", and the fourth "a mathematician's certainty that whatever is the entity which is conserved in Nature it must be expressible in mathematical terms, and a mathematician's skill to perform the task". The other factors concern a realization that a certain pair of mathematical formulations of mechanics are conceptually equivalent, and a belief that "animal heat" could also be brought within the province of laws of inanimate nature. Helmholtz is found to have had the education, the training, the personality, not to say the nationality, by which he was fitted to reveal The Law to his fellow men. Since it is a simple matter to write an imaginary history in which most or even all of Dr Elkana's factors are abandoned, or seriously modified, they are obviously not *necessary* in any sense, and indeed they look rather as though they were thought up only *after* it was decided that Helmholtz was the man they had to fit.

An unwary reader will thus find himself asking, with the author, why the law of conservation of energy "could not be born either within the institutional framework of France or that of England". He might be led to accept the even greater absurdity that the difference between Newtonians and Leibnizians "is that conservation principles are alien to the former but fundamental to the latter". But Dr Elkana's argument is at its weakest where he would have us believe that Helmholtz's 1847 paper gives "the first and most general formulation of the principle of the conservation of energy". Immediately afterwards there follows (but almost entirely without any critique) Poincaré's well-known blend of scepticism and paradox that, since what we call the energy is constant, any function of it is constant, so how should we choose what we should call energy?

This at least should show that Helmholtz's contribution, valuable as it was, left something to those who would generalize it in ways he never dreamt of. All that Poincaré could say was: "There is something which remains constant", and that in this form the principle of energy conservation was "outside the bounds of experiment and reduced to a kind of tautology". It is clear, he went on (in a sentence which Dr Elkana does not quote, but which would have made a worthy motto), that "If the world is governed by laws there will be quantities which remain constant".

One may perhaps detect an Eddingtonian perspective coming through here, as well as in an earlier passage quoted (with a rather higher misprint-density than in the remainder of the book) from an article by Nicolson of 1871. In this popular exposition of Faraday's ideas, the conservation of forces doctrine is said to amount to the simple admission that the "tendency to move *is* a property of matter inseparable from it and coexistent with it". In Nicolson's references to *Le Malade imaginaire*, and the *virtus dormitiva* which supposedly explained opium's sleep-giving properties, Dr Elkana sees a revival of "the old scholastic occult qualities which had been so much attacked already in Newton's days". Nicolson might not have been on top of the situation, but he was struggling to express himself on a topic which still leaves room for many more opinions than Dr Elkana is able to discuss.

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At the court of Queen Gertrude

By Patricia Beer

JAMES R. MELLOW :
Charmed Circle
Gertrude Stein & Company
528pp. Phaidon £3.95.

GERTRUDE STEIN :
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Volume I: Reflection on the Atomic Bomb
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Edited by Robert Bartlett Haas
Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press. $10 (paperback, $4) each volume.

ALICE B. TOKLAS :
Staying on Alone
Edited by Edward Burns
426pp. Angus and Robertson. £4.50

Gertrude Stein (left) and Alice B. Toklas: photographs by Carl Van Vechten.

" God, what a liar she is ", said Leo Stein on the publication of his sister Gertrude's *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* in 1933; it described among many other things their life together in Paris, which began in 1903 when she joined him in the studio flat on the Left Bank that was in time to house, permanently or temporarily, not only their immensely valuable collection of modern paintings, but also a very fair sample of the celebrities of Europe and the United States, and Alice B. Toklas.

He was not the only one to protest. Companions of those early years, such as Matisse, Braque, and Eugène and Maria Jolas objected in print to the inaccuracies and distortions of Stein's account. Matisse was particularly distressed at her remark that his wife had a mouth like a horse. Gertrude Stein was not entirely unmoved by these criticisms. She explained, for example, that she was crazy about horses. But it was her story and she stuck to it.

James Mellow in his biography *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company* picks his way through seventy years of assertion and counter-assertion with some skill. Leo's and Gertrude's memories of their common experiences nearly always conflicted, not only in matters such as their final estrangement, where this is precisely what one would expect, but on subjects, such as buying pictures from painters, where objective truth might have been possible. It is a pity; it would have been interesting to have one firm account of the first meeting between Gertrude Stein and Picasso. But it is not only the Steins who remember divergently. Of the banquet given in honour of Henri Rousseau at Picasso's studio in 1908 there are almost as many versions as there were guests. In one Marie Laurencin got drunk and fell into a tray of jam tarts; in another she merely uttered wild cries.

James Mellow adroitly provides a variorum edition of all these events, which, while presenting different readings and giving us the illusion of choice, tells a clear and memorable story: of Gertrude Stein's social life and dazzling friends (no doubt because he is an art critic his account of the painters is particularly good), of her stable and passionate relationship with Alice B. Toklas, of her experiences in both world wars, of her career as an experimental writer. Towards her work he adopts almost too thoroughly the variorum approach. Some said she was a genius; some said she was a humbug. Her obituaries " expressed doubts about the validity of her literary experiments ". Yes, but what does Mr Mellow think ?

Another of Mr Mellow's skills is his ability to make his anecdotes suggest the passage of time. Of course Gertrude Stein lived long and this is a long book but there is more to it than that. Here she is at the funeral of Juan Gris in 1927 :

> As she looked out into the crowd of mourners that had gathered, Gertrude felt that they all looked, somehow, familiar, though she could not place them. She asked Braque afterwards: " Who are all these people, there are so many and they are so familiar and I do not know who any of them are." Braque said: " Oh, they are all the people you used to see at the *vernissage* of the independent and the autumn salon and you saw their faces twice a year, year after year."

Staying on Alone: Letters of Alice B. Toklas, is a compilation that starts with a telegram sent on the day of Gertrude Stein's death, July 27, 1946. The editor, Edward Burns, explains that so many of Miss Toklas's early letters have been lost or destroyed that, in order to avoid a fragmentary effect, it seemed best to confine the collection to her last 21 years. Certainly the resulting impression is far from fragmentary, except in the very last years when the powerful torrent of her communications trickled away into the sands of failing sight, general ill-health and religious peace of mind. It is as if Alice B. Toklas sprang fully-armed from the head of Gertrude Stein at the age of sixty-nine. The reality—thirty-eight preceding years of housekeeping and talking quietly in corners to the boring wives of geniuses—drops away.

In fact, like most wives of geniuses she seems to have been the less boring of the two. She certainly made a better widow. Of all the natural and honourable forms that widowhood can take, hers was one of the most sympathetic: a dedicated attempt to promote the work of the dead one without any diminution, indeed with a development of her own personality. She realized that this attempt was her *raison d'être*. At the age of seventy-nine she wrote: " If there were not still things to do for Gertrude there would be no reason for me to live on." So we find her in constant touch with Carl Van Vechten, Gertrude Stein's first literary executor, with Donald Gallup, his successor in the post, with Donald Sutherland, one of her biographers, and with others concerned with the publication and presentation of Stein's work. Whether or not her unremitting labours had any effect on the progress of her friend's reputation is debatable—and irrelevant, here.

What emerges chiefly from this collection is an unusually straightforward sense of loss:

> One knows what spring in Paris is—do you remember how you can suddenly see everything down the street—that's the first week in May—and the buds in the chestnuts are out. Thirty eight times we saw it together.

Alice Toklas did not make a production of being a widow. She did not like being one: " I wish to God we had gone together as I always so fatuously thought we would—a bomb—a shipwreck—just anything but this." But the letters show her finding consolation in her duty and, ultimately, in the hope of reunion in heaven. When she turned to the Catholic Church, her religious advisers hastened to assure her that Gertrude Stein was in heaven: a perverse assurance about somebody whose religion and reason had convinced her there was *no* such place. But Alice came to believe that Gertrude was waiting for her there.

Reunion necessitates two people, and however fervently Toklas exclaimed, " I am nothing but the memory of her ", she was very much herself, as these letters show: shrewd, imprecise (as anyone knows who has tried to work from the shifty recipes in her *Cook Book*), unjust, vindictive, spirited, affectionate and loyal.

Religious conversion seldom sweetens an acid tongue, and she went on to the end with her nasty cracks about the Stein heirs, " poor dear Hemingway ", Mabel Dodge (" she has a good memory when she is telling the truth "), Harriet Levy (" she *can* write. It's that she has nothing to say "), Elizabeth Sprigge, another of Stein's biographers (" There is new evidence of La Sprigge's unworthiness "), down to an unnamed Swedish girl who " has seen eighteen aurora borealises but not remarked them ".

These letters read like a novel, partly because the editor has left undone one of the things he ought to have done—that is, insert omission marks. He deletes freely but does not show us where. He is also rather erratic with his footnotes. How much one would appreciate some background to the comment " Waugh's son is like his father—I dislike them heartily "—but one gets none, nor is the name of Waugh in the index.

Both *Charmed Circle* and *Staying on Alone* give us by echo and quotation the voice of Gertrude Stein. They also make us wish to hear it directly, and this we do in two volumes of her previously uncollected writings, assembled now and edited, under the titles *Reflection on the Atomic Bomb* and *How Writing is Written*, by Robert Bartlett Haas, who for more than three decades has been concerned to publicize and interpret her work and, with this end in view, produced *Primer for the Gradual Understanding of Gertrude Stein* in 1971.

The same explanatory intention is at work in these volumes. The pieces concerned have up to now slipped through the collector's net only because of their earlier appearances in " obscure or transient periodicals ": there is no other link between them and they form therefore something of a gallimaufry. Mr Haas tries to impose coherence by dividing them into sections (" Direct Description ", " Portraits and Appreciations ", " Questions and Answers ", etc), each of which he prefaces by helpful notes. The dates of the pieces are given. Sometimes the prefatory notes are so glowing as to lead inevitably to disappointment. A thrilling paragraph about the portrait genre refers to the Greeks and the Romans and ends:

> Plutarch used details, dramatized incidents, anecdotes and generalizations to enliven his biographical sketches. Suetonius added sex and scandal. Gertrude Stein used all this and more.

After this build-up such a piece as " From Dark to Day " (" There were dark days when we first knew Pierre Balmain. We met his mother in '39 and she said . . .") is bound to have a detumescent feel about it.

The two pieces that supply the rather arbitrary titles of the volumes deserve the emphasis they are given. " Reflection on the Atomic Bomb " displays to perfection the characteristic Stein airiness about matters of social and political import.

> I never could take any interest in the atomic bomb. . . . Sure it will destroy a lot and kill a lot, but it's the living that are interesting not the way of killing them; because if there were not a lot left living how could there be any interest in destruction. Alright that is the way I feel about it. And really way down that is the way everybody feels about it.

Well, perhaps not. Not quite everybody.

" How Writing is Written ", the text of a talk delivered to a school, includes the following, equally characteristic passages:

> The world can accept me now because there is coming out of *your* generation somebody they don't like, and therefore they accept me because I am sufficiently past in having been contemporary so they don't have to dislike me. So thirty years from now I shall be accepted.
>
> The person who has made the fight probably makes it seem ugly, although the struggle has the much greater beauty. But the followers die out; and the man who made the strugggle and quality of beauty remains in the intensity of the fight.

These passages give an excellent description of the reception accorded to the work of the great creative innovators of our century: Picasso, Ezra Pound, James Joyce. But they do not apply to Gertrude Stein, though it is herself she is discussing. To some her work was meaningful from the start and still is: to others it was silly and pretentious and still is.

Nobody could dispute Gertrude Stein's perceptiveness. At a time when most people were content with prose and poetry as they were inherited from the nineteenth century, she saw that changes had to be made, and her theories for bringing about the necessary changes had stature, nobility even. It is her *practice* that so often betrays her.

E. M. Forster, writing in 1927 about Stein's experimental work, said: " It is much more important to play about like this than to rewrite the Waverley Novels ". Quite so. But it is more important still to be James Joyce. Forster confined his remarks to Stein's prose, but much the same could be said about her poetry. It is more important to write:

> Kisses can kiss us
> A duck a hen and fishes
> followed by wishes.
>
> Happy little pair.

than to rewrite *Idylls of the King*. But it is more important still to be T. S. Eliot. Gertrude Stein naturally would not agree. Her recorded dealings with both Joyce and Eliot suggest that she despised them.

UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

The New Zealand Stories of Katherine Mansfield
Edited by Ian A Gordon

Professor Gordon has gathered together Katherine Mansfield's entire New Zealand stories from many sources, and has reorganised them to show the pattern of development of Katherine Mansfield's theme: growing up from childhood to maturity in a new land. Personal passages from her letters, journal and unpublished notebooks provide a running commentary to the whole.

From the Journal
"I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a 'sacred debt' that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thought I range with him over the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.
Ah, the people - the people we loved there - of them, too, I want to write. Another 'debt of love'. Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be 'one of those islands' . . . I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at 75."

This is a collection that will appeal to all readers. It is provided with a critical introduction and notes, the first edition of her stories to have annotations for academic study.

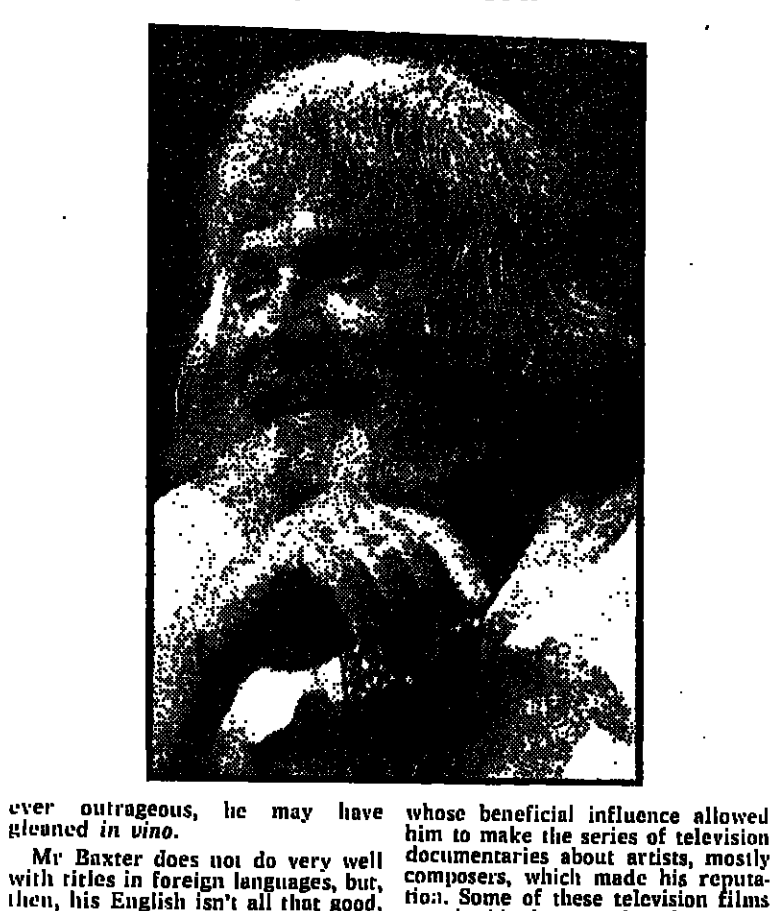
£4.25 net

Longman 1724-1974

Citizen Ken

By John Simon

JOHN BAXTER :
An Appalling Talent : Ken Russell
pp. Michael Joseph. £4.



When young Ken Russell, the future film director, and his brother were taken fishing by their father, they had a particularly unsavoury experience, " the dreaded King Ragworm. He is a worm about a foot long with hands all the way along his body, and the top of his head opens and two great pincers come out and snap at you. And when you stick him to bait your hook blood spurts out, and pus and slime, and a terrible smell. We had to bait our own hooks, putting our hands in this mess, and to this day I hate worms ". If this trauma had confined itself to worms, no matter; but in Mr Russell's films he seems to perceive mankind itself vermicularly as nasty, creepy-crawlies.

An Appalling Talent: Ken Russell by John Baxter is neither a critical study nor a biography, but a strange construct in uneven layers, a descriptive chapter by Mr Baxter always followed by a chapter of reminiscences and animadversions by Mr Russell, spoken into a tape recorder. Since Mr Baxter's aperçus are on the awed and shrinking side, whereas Mr Russell's outpourings are copious and jut out angrily, the shape of the book is that of a slapdash pile made of saucers and soup plates; and since Mr Baxter tends in the direction of conciliation and Mr Russell mostly in that of assault, the movement of the book is like that of the amphisbaena, a mythological serpent with a head at each end, which must have made getting anywhere rather unlikely.

John Baxter is a transplanted Australian who first worked as a film publicist, then transplanted himself into writing film brochures and monographs, among them an illustrated checklist of the American gangster film and a modest tome about Hollywood in the 1930s. They are the works of a film fan or buff, as epitomized by the epigraph to one of them: " For My Mother ... who told me about Lupe Velez." Like the present volume, they are innocent of anything resembling criticism, which does not, however, prevent Mr Baxter from arrogating the title of critic only to abrogate it forthwith. Discovering how indifferent Russell is to criticism, our author learns " a great truth about the film business, that critics are supremely irrelevant ", and so appears to opt for deeper modes of perception; he waxes ecstatic, for instance, over a conversation with Russell which " continued in a deepening alcoholic haze, the state in which one habitually confronts concepts which defy analysis ".

If one wants examples of Mr Baxter's criticism in its nonvinous stage, I cite the following perception: " [Russell] is the first to appreciate the greatest irony of all, that a man of essentially private beliefs and emotions has been forced by his need to express those beliefs into becoming a public figure "—propounded triumphantly as if it did not apply in equal measure to almost any film-maker, playwright, or other producer of works for wide audiences. Again, we are told that Russell's film version of *Women in Love* " makes Lawrence's obsessions palatable, even profound ", though here the author may get his ideas from his subject, who defies Lawrence to top the phrase " the incredible softness of the inside of a woman's thigh ", read in a semi-pornographic novel by torchlight under sweaty boarding-school blankets, and remembered to this, Mr Russell's forty-seventh, year. " He thinks in pictures ", the author says admiringly of Russell, as if a picture that talked louder than ten thousand words could not easily prove deafening.

Most indicative of Mr Baxter's critical acumen is his summation: " Somewhere in all this must be the ' Rosebud ' to explain the contradictions that make up Ken Russell, but like the reporter at the end of Welles's film one must say ' I guess no one word can sum up a man '." How splendidly movie-buffish it is to be able to fall back on the deliberate banalities of *Citizen Kane*, their ironies uncomprehended, to justify one's own critical vagueness and superficiality. And when Mr Baxter comes up with his concluding sentences: " Perhaps [Russell] does not see that as much can be gained by argument and persuasion as by assault, that polemics are finally self-defeating. But since he is the Prince, could he do otherwise? " one can only wish that he had treated us, not to these sober banalities, but to the *veritas*, however outrageous, he may have gleaned *in vino*.

Mr Baxter does not do very well with titles in foreign languages, but, then, his English isn't all that good, either (" disinterested " for uninterested, " intriguing " for interesting). In this he may be emulating his subject, who, however, has the excuse of having merely talked his part of the book in answer to Mr Baxter's questions, which were then tactfully edited out of the text, leaving only Mr Russell's continuous, albeit somewhat inspissated, monologue.

How these confessions of the *enfant terrible* of British cinema will strike the reader depends largely on how he evaluates Mr Russell's films. If he can relish the banalities of *Women in Love*, the crude oversimplifications of *Dante's Inferno* and *Savage Messiah*, the absurd and gross distortions of *The Dance of the Seven Veils* and all the later films, which (with the exception of *The Boy Friend* and the earlier *Song of Summer*) become progressively more blatant, preposterous, and obnoxious, he may find this account of a rise from obscure beginnings to dubious eminence exhilarating.

Ken Russell's boyhood was not very unusual: a characteristic lower middle-class youth, complete with inferiority feelings at school and escape into juvenile pranks, *outré* home-moviemaking, and immersion in the pictures. During summer holidays, he would go to the cinema two or even three times a day, and claims to have seen every film that came out in the 1940s. The 1940s were not a good vintage in the cinema, but even a great one, consumed with such voracity, could, I think, besot a nascent mind and taste. Russell let down paternal hopes for a career in the Navy, but he did serve in the RAF, then struggled unsuccessfully to become a ballet dancer or actor, and proceeded to do somewhat better at photography.

He lived in great poverty but, with the final bit of help from a tolerant father, was enabled to make the ultimately successful switch to cinema. A fellow-lodger who acted in one of his early, shoestring films converted him to Roman Catholicism. The Mass struck Russell as " the most mind-shattering thing ", and he became deeply excited at the notion of eating the living body of Christ. In view of his later films, one wonders whether he did not mistake Catholicism for cannibalism. In any case, by invoking Christ, Russell was able to give up the nasty habit of taking snuff, which he considers a miracle. He talks about Catholicism making one " more realistic " and providing a " philosophical toughness " though the only concrete benefit he adduces, besides shaking the Demon Snuff, is a pilgrimage special, a cheap flight to Lourdes, permitting him to shoot an attention-getting film of that famous shrine.

That and another early film got Russell a job replacing John Schlesinger on the BBC's *Monitor* show, thanks to Huw Wheldon, whose beneficial influence allowed him to make the series of television documentaries about artists, mostly composers, which made his reputation. Some of these television films remain his best works; less arrogantly overreaching than his later cinematic productions, they were restricted by the television format and budget, and sanitizingly supervised by Mr Wheldon. Two of these films dealt with primitive painters; one with the Yorkshire artist, James Lloyd, whom Russell, with typical bad taste and exaggeration, considers " much better than Goya ", and one with Henri " Douanier " Rousseau, whom the director engaged James Lloyd to portray.

There is, I think, a significant relationship between the French naive painter and the director whose first Christian name (since dropped) is Henry. Henry Russell is the English translation of Henri Rousseau, and both men use their mediums as an opulent, poor man's surrogate for material and social emoluments, their art having to be, in Brecht's phrase, as lavish as only beggars could conceive it. But the imagined lavishness of beggars has always something spurious about it—either an endearingly clumsy excess of innocence, as with Rousseau, or a superabundance of showy display, as with Russell. Fanatical egomania—perhaps necessary for the underdog to succeed in the arts—is often another characteristic of such figures, and to this day, as Mr Baxter tells us, " If his bitterest critic wrote a glowing review of the next Russell film, that man would go from enemy to friend overnight ". This is intended as praise.

Russell's notion of art and the artist is a key to his output. Art, he informs us, " is simply exploiting to the full one's own natural gifts ", with which, except perhaps for the " simply ", it is hard to disagree. But it is even harder to agree with Russell's corollary, that art is " the almost impossible knack of channelling the mystical and unique sense with which we are all born ". Generations of bad and non-artists have channelled away, mystically and uniquely, for all they were worth without coming up with anything appreciably different from the films of Ken Russell.

He goes on to speak of " all this crap about motivation ", which may not be so damning; but also of vulgarity and artistry being " the same thing to me ", which is. And he explains: " By vulgarity I mean the exuberant over-the-top larger than life slightly bad taste red blooded thing." Readers of this peculiarly punctuated but not wholly uncharismatic sentence are invited to recall, say, the railway-carriage and madhouse episodes in *The Music Lovers*, the monastic orgies of *The Devils*, almost any one of Helen Mirren's scenes in *Savage Messiah*, and the Mahler-Cosima Wagner sequence from *Mahler*, and then decide whether that " slightly bad taste ", as applied by Mr Russell to his own art, is not in fact one of his rare flights into modesty.

But the two worst troubles with Russell are probably his desperate desire to shock and, in Wheldon's sagacious evaluation, his total lack of " the capacity to analyse and rationalize ", which makes words, as carriers of rationality, rather too difficult for him. The aim for Russell is, as he himself says, to " smash the complacent attitude to a subject ", or, in Mr Baxter's more reverential terms, to use " incidents that tremble on the absurd " so as to " reconcile the contradiction between historical and artistic reality ". What this means in plainer words is fabricating spectacular, highly exaggerated figments and grafting them on the famous historical or fictional people with whom Russell's films concern themselves almost exclusively. Some such exaggeration might indeed work if it stemmed from the spirit of the subject rather than from the film-maker's maniacal need for self-projection and sensationalism.

Here Russell's other besetting sin takes over: the inability to be rational. Consider two examples from the book. To justify his distasteful and misleading television film about Richard Strauss, Russell speaks of the " violence [that is] all there in his sick operas ". Just where are the violence and sickness in such masterpieces as *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Arabella*? And even more violent operas such as *Salome* and *Elektra* can barely hold a candle to that final all-consuming pyre in *Il Trovatore*. Again, to vindicate the crazed excesses of *The Music Lovers*, Russell describes Tchaikovsky as " the most self-indulgent man who ever lived " because " all his problems and hang-ups are stated in his music ". These he sees in all those works " about frustrated love or the frustrated artist ", such as *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Francesca da Rimini*, *Swan Lake*, *Eugen* [sic] *Onegin*, and *Manfred*. Quite aside from the vulgar error of confusing the libretto with the music, what could be more typical and approved subjects for a romantic composer? Frustration and concomitant yearning, moreover, are the very things that made operatic protagonists sing out from Monteverdi and Handel to Britten and Berg.

But such assessments are characteristic of a sensibility that proposes to stage Peter Maxwell Davies's *Taverner* at Covent Garden with nuns and monks fornicating in the aisles so as " to involve people in the production ". This sensibility comes out even in Russell's conversational tropes, as when he calls a script so unfunny " as to make the Crucifixion seem like a Mack Sennett farce ", or relates about Max Adrian in *The Boy Friend*: " The reason we shot him in a wheelchair in *It's Never Too Late* was that he was simply too ill to dance. . . . And since his voice was pre-recorded we could have finished with his corpse in the wheelchair in long-shot, if necessary. . . ."

From such talk it becomes at least as clear as from the films that one of Russell's main motivating forces is his hatred of humanity. That is why he must continually shock and offend—one need only compare how he shoots a burning at the stake in *The Devils* with similar scenes in the films of Dreyer, Bergman, and Bresson. I do not exclude misanthropy from the list of possible artistic movers, but it must then—as in the cases of Voltaire, Swift, and Karl Kraus—be buttressed with humour and wit. Such leavening is not to be found in Russell; even Mr Baxter must concede that Russell's comic vision is " bizarre but frail ", which I translate as " outlandish but feeble ". Moreover, unlike the best film-makers, Russell often does not even collaborate on his screenplays, and these are not even written by the writers on whose works they are based.

Yet, ironically, it is Russell's bad taste that put him so prominently on the map of English cinema. In as much as the genius of British film-makers was always grounded in realism, although often comically distorted, Russell's frenziedly unreal rodomontades of tastelessness make an impression that is, if nothing else, unique. So Dilys Powell dubbed him, in a phrase that provides this book with its title, " an appalling talent ", to be understood laudatorily, on the assumption that anything so uncharacteristic is original and, therefore, good. As for the general quality of the book, it is exemplified in a typical Baxterian phrase, " there is always the feeling in one's mind . . .". It is a book full of feelings in default of insights and ideas.

John Simon's *Ingmar Bergman Directs* was published last year.

BARRIE & JENKINS

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9¾" x 7¼", 96 pages, 23 half-tones, 18 line drawings, £3.75 (Nov 14)

The embattled village

By Laurence Whitehead

LUIS GONZÁLEZ :

San José de Gracia
Mexican Village in Transition
362pp. University of Texas Press (AUPG). £6.

There can be few local histories, Mexican or otherwise, more sensitive or evocative than this account of San José de Gracia. Through the recollections of his forebears, Luis González has been able to reconstruct what any outsider, however diligent, would be sure to miss—the way San Joséans saw themselves, rather than just what happened to them. Both as history and as literature his achievement must be rated as exceptional and, remarkably, his American translator, John Upton, has risen to the challenge.

The table-lands south of Lake Chapala in Western Mexico were first colonized on a large scale in the late sixteenth century—by wild herds of sheep and cattle, rather than by men. European livestock took the land over from American wildcats, coyotes, racoons, armadilloes and deer. It was not until more than two centuries later, in 1791, that permanent colonization by men of Spanish extraction established Catholicism here—in contrast to the syncretic religion practised in the rival Tarascan-speaking settlement of Mazamitla buried in the hillside to the south. It was not the lure of natural resources (for this backwater offered no minerals or comforts and only poor soil) which brought the Spanish-speaking settlers, but rather the push of war and revolution elsewhere. The author, whose ancestors were among the earliest arrivals, tells us that they came mostly as refugees, bringing with them little but their religion, their riding skills and their firearms.

For several generations a major attraction of San José was its location on the frontier between two states, enabling those faced by persecution in Michoacán to cross into neighbouring Jalisco and immunity. Gradually, in the course of the nineteenth century, these Catholic cowboys tamed the land and its livestock until, in 1888, the priest established a town with a proper *plaza*, a church, and its streets all in a line, and a few years later San José de Gracia was processing 80 per cent of its milk into cheese for sale in the capital, 600 kilometres to the east. By the time the Revolution broke out in 1910 its 4,000 inhabitants and 9,000 cattle had experienced more than twenty years of theocracy (in Mazamitla they were known contemptuously as "the Saints") and barely one year of politics.

Readers of Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* will be struck by how much that seemed extravagant about the fictional Macondo reappears as solemn reality in the history of San José. It was not until 1900 that the town's isolation from the outside world began to break down. First, of course, came the gypsies:

> mountebanks, sharpers, acrobats who leapt through flaming hoops, fortunetellers, puppeteers, clowns, hucksters selling salves and herbs . . . then an agent from the Bayer firm introduced aspirin, the miracle pill, which was for some time regarded as a cure-all. In 1905 a snappy dresser with a fedora hat showed up. . . Some residents, in confusion, kissed his hand. They thought he was a priest. In fact he was a travelling salesman from the Singer company, selling treadle sewing machines.

Photographs soon followed, as well as moustaches (long, for twisting) and, reportedly (although there were no eyewitnesses), underclothes for ladies. Last (and no doubt least) politics arrived in San José in 1909 and developed normally for a whole year before being overtaken by the Revolution. But what kind of politics?

> Not everyone was *antiporfirista* but everyone felt hostility toward the functionaries who surrounded the dictator. The hostility was, for the most part, conservative in origin. . . . The government was filled with liberals who were said to be Masons, enemies of the clergy, evil people who preferred to be married by the civil ceremony, like animals.

Ordinary life in San José continued for some time after the fall of Porfirio Díaz:

> The town learnt, without much political fervour, that their candidate had attained the presidency, and that he was a spiritualist. They read Zapata's cry of rebellion . . . the capture of garrisons and sacking of towns by Zapatistas, the announcement of the Plan of Ayala, the crimes of Juan Banderas . . . the fall of Vera Cruz into the hands of Federal troops—and many other events. In San José and its environs during this time nothing was happening—except for Elías Martínez' attempt to become a bird. Elías had made himself a framework, with wings of grass matting; he strapped it on his back and climbed up into an ash tree. He called down to a friend standing below and asked him to frighten him out of the tree. His friend threw rocks at him and Elías took wing. He was nearly killed, according to some because he forgot to make himself a tail and a beak; others said it was because his friend had not scared him enough.

When the Revolution engulfed San José the challenge was met by a Mexican fully worthy of Colonel Aureliano Buendía. Originally Don Apolinar Partida "opened a butcher shop, slaughtering steers and selling the meat in the plaza. But his true destiny had still not been revealed for he had been born to be neither an artisan nor a butcher." In 1913 trade declined, a curfew was established and San José turned in upon itself. Don Apolinar was made captain of the local militia.

> He was brave, clever and decisive. Any stranger in town might be a spy. Therefore he would be led to the cemetery, the priest would hear his confession, the indispensable bullet would be meted out, and he would fall into the grave that had been dug beforehand.

For almost five years his system deflected from the community the worst excesses of warfare and banditry (although not the associated wave of gunfights, drunkenness and famine), until finally San José was stormed by the Villista bandit, Ines Chávez García, at the head of 800 men. After four hours of resistance the town was in flames and Don Apolinar and all but one of his fifteen men were killed. More than seventy of the attackers died with them. Then, in the wake of the *chavista* raid came another murderous threat—the Spanish influenza.

After this destruction a slow recovery became possible, but its deeper legacy was not to fade so quickly:

> The cult of violence, the habit of getting drunk, and the exaggerated sense of personal honour all persisted. Social distinctions were emphasized. The rich were not as rich as before, but the poor were poorer. . . . Not everybody ate well, but it was a rare man who did not own a pistol.

In this psychological climate it is not surprising that recovery should have been both slow and short-lived. With the arrival in 1924 of Padre Federico (to be spiritual leader of the community for almost half a century) and the intensification of anticlericalism at the national level, the stage was set for an even greater disaster. When public manifestations of religious sentiment were prohibited "Padre Federico continued the daily saying of his office in private. People increased their religious activities: they went to Mass, confessed, and received Communion more often than ever . . . and the majority maintained that it was their duty to take up arms against the government"—even imagining, in their innocence, that the *agraristas* seeking land reform would join with them, as would the Catholics of the United States.

The *Cristero* uprising began in San José on July 9, 1927. They sent a contingent of forty men (out of the 500 villagers of military age) chanting "Long live Christ the King!" to serve under commanders appointed by the National League for the Defence of Religious Freedom.

> The most pious, silver tongued, and blundering braggarts were made generals. City playboys arrived in the country expecting ranchers to obey them. Some of the local leaders humbled themselves, but the rest paid no attention to them.

Within three months a thousand well-armed *federales* called on San José. Although less effective at "pacification" perhaps than the Air Cavalry and the technicians of napalm have subsequently proved themselves, the government troops were certainly more thorough than their mere bandit predecessors. Their commander

> had brought in enough fuel to reduce the whole town to ashes. He burned houses wholesale. He piled up pieces of household furniture, drenched them with kerosene and set fire to them; the flames rose above the rooftops. He also engaged in the sport of hanging *cristeros* from the trees. . . . To wind up the party the generalissimo drove off thousands of cattle—where, no one knows.

Over the next nine months the charred embers of San José were abandoned while, predictably enough, the fighting intensified and savagery took over. When, in mid-1929, the Catholic hierarchy abruptly called off the war, the *cristeros* reacted with surprise and often with disillusion, but they obeyed their church with dignity:

> In the ruined portico on the north side of the town square, opposite the *churi* tree, one by one the rebels surrendered their weapons—each man presenting the oldest and most worn-out gun he had, and keeping his best. "Don't think you're fooling us", said Rafael Picazo, who represented the civil authority in the amnesty ceremony. "But since we want peace, we'll accept this heap of scrap iron instead of the guns you really fought with." The soldiers carried the junk away.

Don Juan Gudiño, cristero, from San José de Gracia

Such local perspectives are vital to explain the nature of the political settlement which has prevailed in Mexico since the end of the fighting.

As a result of this second round of violence the 1930 census recorded 15 per cent fewer inhabitants than there had been nine years earlier, and a drastic shift from rural to village settlement. Worse still, the cattle population fell from 9,000 to, at its lowest, only 2,000 head. A government school was established to "defanaticize" the population—but the campaign brought no results, since the three new teachers were all "fanatics" themselves and went to Mass every day. A padre still headed the community and a total of fifteen young people enrolled in the provincial seminary. However, rather than through repression or indoctrination it was through economic recovery that San José was to be defanaticized. Most of those who "set out on the road to holiness", we learn (*pace* the Protestant ethic), "ended up as businessmen". The book is particularly evocative about the process of reasoning by which they (including some of the author's family) effected the transition from one occupation to another. "While they did not absolutely deny man's freedom to choose between the virtue of wealth and the sin of poverty, they refused to concede that anyone without a large dose of natural goodness or divine grace could aspire to belong to the chosen people—the pious, the moneyed, the lovers of law and order."

In San José, as elsewhere in the world, such righteous convictions are asserted all the more fiercely whenever an identifiable group of the unrighteous appears to threaten the reign of virtue. At last, in the depths of the depression of the 1930s, the conflict over land tenure which had been so endemic in most of Mexico for so long finally reached San José. Most of the emerging agrarianists would have preferred to buy land for themselves but

> since the government did not sell land, but only gave it away, and since their need for land was stronger than the shame of being supported, . . . they fell into agrarianism. . . . According to the landowners, agrarianists profaned the house of God whenever they went to Mass or the Rosary. If they received Communion, they were committing sacrilege, because they bore a multitude of sins—especially the sin of theft which confession alone could not efface . . . . [But] most members of the Agrarian party did not agree with their enemies' estimate of them. They knew that among them there were many who were both virtuous and poor. They believed in God, the saints, heaven, purgatory and the torments of hell. . . . In their own minds they were a little insolent, perhaps, but not wicked.

Of all the suggestive strands of argument woven into this book the account of the ambiguous and contested relationship between property and sin is perhaps the most memorable.

In San José, as elsewhere in Mexico, the partial land reform of the Cardenas years brought disappointing results and left the better-off with sufficient local resources to turn the tables in the long run. The return of a wiser and less aggressive Padre Federico in 1937 contributed to the reassertion of village traditions against both the agrarianists and landlord-based reaction of the *sinarquistas* pending the gradual stifling of overt sectional conflict. Once again the local dynamics of this process are highly suggestive of the subtle shifts which were also at work in the nation as a whole, but which almost invariably elude the conventional "revolution perverted/betrayed" analysis. Another significant but easily overlooked stage in the demobilization of Mexican society came during the Japanese invasion scare of the early 1940s. There is one forgotten sentence for which ex-President Cardenas (then Defence Minister) deserves to be remembered more than many young Mexicans may realize: "In my opinion, anyone not in the army or the police force who carries a pistol is a murder suspect." Thus an order reached San José in 1941 forbidding civilians to carry pistols. Señor González reports:

> There was a storm of futile protest. Men considered carrying arms to be a sign of masculinity; they felt as though they had been castrated when their pistols were taken from them; they complained that they had been humiliated. But they soon found a way to rearm . . . [by appointing in 1942] an extraordinary number of auxiliary police officers and thus the men of San José were able to strap on their guns again.

It would be hard to find a better single insight into the nature and limitations of Mexico's post-revolutionary settlement.

In the end San José was swamped by a more mundane postwar world, which never reached Macondo. Inevitably there is some anticlimax, yet the final achievement of Señor González is to overcome the transition and present an image of San José in the 1960s no less vivid, multi-faceted and genuine than that of the community's more extravagant past. With disarmament and stable government came the bribe; with surfaced roads came the bus, the post and *Selecciones del Reader's Digest*; with the coming of television (that ultimate defanaticizer) even the devout stopped going to Rosary; above all came the discovery that the most ambitious dreams formerly known to San José would be viewed as but modest achievements in Mexico City or Los Angeles. Hence massive out-migration. Of the 3 per cent who might be rated "upper-class" by the standards of San José, there are almost none who would rise above Mexico City's definition of the "lower-middle class"; and although the 18 per cent rated "middle-class" in local terms own half the land and cattle of San José, many can make ends meet only by driving taxis morning and evening. As for the poor, without denying all the "progress" which has come to his home village in his generation, Señor González recalls the unheeded predictions made by Francisca Cardenas in 1941:

> She said that the automobiles would run over the pigs and chickens that swarmed in the streets; they would make it impossible to milk one's cows at the front door, as had always been done; they would disturb people's sleep, and they would bring in outsiders with evil ways who would rob the San Joséans of the little they had.

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From greensward to Central Park

By John Seelye

RA WOOD ROPER :

LO.
graphy of Frederick Law
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An American who is given eight pages in the Dictionary of American Biography can hardly be considered neglected by posterity, and during his lifetime and afterwards Frederick Law Olmsted was a prophet who received numerous honours from his countrymen. This recognition is not surprising, for Olmsted was a benefactor of his fellow-citizens in a manner which could hardly be ignored. Chiefly known today as the designer of Central Park, Olmsted was, during a critical period in American urban history (the three decades following the Civil War), responsible for a number of America's great public pleasure-grounds, whether directly in New York City, Boston, Buffalo, and Detroit, or indirectly through the force of his influence and advice, in such Western projects as the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. He was similarly hired as consultant or as architect to major universities then being founded, including Cornell, Berkeley, and Stanford, with particular responsibility for campus-design, and was instrumental in the preservation of Yosemite as a monumental tract of, at least initially, unspoilt wilderness.

Nor were Olmsted's public services confined to improving or preserving the landscape for the greater enjoyment of his fellow-citizens, for he was instrumental in establishing the United States Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. This organization became, in due course, the American Red Cross. And even before the beginning of his long career as a landscape architect, a career which in America raised that calling from a trade to a profession, Olmsted had already gained respectable stature as an author, during the great period of ante-bellum American letters. His *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England* (1852) was the first of several travel books written with high purpose, whether in the service of agricultural reform or, as in the case of *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856), the abolition of slavery. Indeed, although Olmsted had by 1860 already submitted a winning design for Central Park and been appointed architect-in-chief of that project, he was, until the Civil War, best known for his literary works rather than his landscape designs. Had a leg injury not disqualified him from war service, his reputation today might well rest on his career as one of a number of crusading journalists who flourished during the turbulent 1840s and 1850s.

In this, as in so many of his activities, Olmsted was one of those "typical" individuals whose lives, though not characterized by melodramatic adventures, have great value to the biographer as expressions, to use Olmsted's own words, of "the Genius of the Age". Even the epithet, borrowed from Emerson by way of Carlyle, testifies to his typicality, and as a landscape architect he was not so much an innovator as a man who, in his writings, reflected and amplified the striking ideas of others, and in his public works gave them a physical embodiment which has proved lasting and valuable to posterity. Had Olmsted not survived the Civil War, someone else might have filled his role as a propagandist for, and a builder of, parks; but, as the record stands, it was from the impress of his ideas that some aspects of the American landscape, from Boston to San Francisco, took their shape. Alexander Pope, anxiously romantic where gardens were concerned, advised Lord Burlington to observe the "Genius of the Place", and if America, as a Place, has a Genius, it was in large part delineated by Olmsted, that typical genius of his own time and place.

His papers were gathered in two volumes nearly fifty years ago by his son, Frederick Law Olmsted Jr, in collaboration with Theodora Kimball, who was also the author of the detailed account in the *DAB* of his life and works. But the recent intensification of concern over the landscape in the United States, in particular the life and health of her cities, has rekindled interest in the man who laid out Central Park, in time to coincide with the sesquicentennial of his birth. His writings are being newly edited by Charles McLaughlin of American University, and several books have recently been published concerning his contributions to the design of landscape and cityscape. But this full-length biography of Olmsted by Laura Wood Roper is the first to appear: well researched and, if one considers the amount of factual details, well written, it shows his most notable accomplishments within the context of the amazing variety of his activities. Mrs Roper's timely book is the fruit of many years' labour, and the author was fortunate enough to obtain the full cooperation of Olmsted's son before his death. It is doubtful if her devotion and diligence will be matched in the near future, and this will surely remain the standard biography; its fairness and balance is by no means disturbed by the author's understandable enthusiasm for her subject.

Theodore Roosevelt (left) in Yosemite Valley, which Olmsted was instrumental in preserving.

If Mrs Roper's biography has a fault—and it is perhaps not so much one of commission as of well-planned omission—it is the failure to put Olmsted in a larger, cultural perspective. She does indeed give us detailed and knowledgeable accounts of the miry ways of contemporary politics, especially as conducted in New York's City Hall but, except for passing references to such prominent figures as Emerson, as an influence, and Bryant, as a fellow-campaigner for public parks, she largely ignores the creative milieu in which Olmsted worked. What this biography does provide, however, is the groundwork for just such a further reach, for in the details of his varied career and the scope of his accomplishments as a whole, Olmsted was as typically idiosyncratic a spirit as nineteenth-century America produced. For example, the fluctuating course of his early career bears some relation to the careers of such grander originals as Melville and Thoreau. Influenced by similar forces, and exhibiting some curious similarities of biography, Olmsted's life indicates paths for self-expression in America which the other two either ignored or chose to avoid, but which suggest themselves in the title of one of Thoreau's earliest essays, "The Service".

Hartford, Connecticut, where Olmsted was born in 1822, places his early life in the exact geographical midpoint between the New York of Herman Melville and the Massachusetts of Henry David Thoreau. Like Melville, he received no formal university training, but followed his inclination. His unmethodical studies led him from his earliest contacts with education in dame schools, by way of a sequence of tutors, into a succession of false starts in different professions. Olmsted was perhaps a victim of the often reluctant generosity of a well-to-do merchant father, whose indulgence was no doubt a reaction to his son's frequent bouts of illness, and he emerges from his early years rather as the stereotype of a romantic youth, a Yankee Waverley, a literary silhouette darkened by his mother's early death during his childhood. The young Olmsted was quick to develop an involvement with the countryside and seaboard of New England, and in 1843 he, too, put to sea in search of adventure and a recovery of health, two years after Melville had set sail for whales, and one year after Thoreau had rowed up the Merrimack in search of wildness.

Olmsted's voyage took him halfway round the world, to China and back, and though it dispelled any Byronic notions he may have had about life at sea, it did not result in a book. On his return he attended Yale University, where he prepared himself for an intended career in farming. Thus, giving up the sea, Olmsted followed Henry David Thoreau on to the land, and in 1847, the very year that Thoreau himself returned to Concord from Walden, bought a small farm near New Haven with his father's money. Whereas Thoreau contented himself with demonstrating the philosophical implications of tilling his bean-patch, and Melville had eventually to turn to farming in order to eke out his faltering literary fortunes, Olmsted regarded the question of agrarian experimentation and reform with intense interest. His closest contemporary in this field was D. G. Mitchell, who, as "Ik Marvell", was a widely read, sentimental bellettrist concerned, as early as 1841, with farm-design; this was the year Olmsted graduated from Yale, and his farm near New Haven, "Edgewood", became a showplace during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Given the closeness of both their interests and their actual farms, it would be surprising if they were not at least acquaintances during this time, but there is no mention of Mitchell in Mrs Roper's book.

While Edgewood yielded its small shelf of books, Olmsted soon abandoned the farmer's life, leaving behind him the debacle of his Guildford experiment and a scarcely less disastrous attempt on Staten Island. Having failed in the practical aspects of farming, Olmsted (as is so often the case) involved himself in its theory. This led him to literature, and to the walking tour of England, which resulted in his first book and the addition of yet another *American Farmer* to the national bibliography. On the basis of his observations of English agriculture, Olmsted realized that little of what he had seen could have practical application in America, but he did form what was to be a long-lasting and appreciative acquaintance with the natural scenery of Great Britain. Like Thoreau, Olmsted had early learnt of the English landscape through the works of William Gilpin, whose theory of the picturesque had a wide resonance in nineteenth-century America; and late in life he was, as a sort of pilgrimage, to follow the trail of Doctor Syntax throughout England. Thoreau's Wye was the Concord and Merrimack, his forest scenery the woods of Walden, but Olmsted's was a far less parochial view, and less passive also. With Gilpin and Thoreau (and Ruskin), he believed in the morally transforming power of landscape, suitably managed, and he soon set to work in a reciprocal fashion to improve the American character by the reshaping of a raw and unattractive plot of land, which New York City politicians had been persuaded (by Irving and Bryant, among others) to set aside as a public pleasure-ground.

And yet before that turning-point in his life, Olmsted enjoyed yet another brief career, as editor and then as publisher of *Putnam's Magazine*, which under the editorship of Charles Frederick Briggs and George William Curtis had become one of the most notable literary periodicals of its time, publishing incidentally both Melville ("Bartleby"), and Thoreau ("A Yankee in Canada"). The magazine was by 1856, when Olmsted appeared on the scene, the property of Dox and Edwards, a firm which, unknown to Olmsted, was heading for bankruptcy. In 1857 Dox and Edwards published Melville's *The Confidence-Man*, and sent Olmsted to Europe to secure copyrights of foreign titles; then the firm promptly collapsed, ending the one man's public career as a novelist and the other's as a publisher.

Within a few years Thoreau's premature death, along with Melville's coincidental withdrawal from public letters, brought a quietus of exhaustion to an era, the mood only intensified by Hawthorne's inability to break out of his silence in the closing years of the 1850s. Yet from the embers of Transcendentalism arose Walt Whitman, another late developer, whose *Leaves of Grass* is the literary counterpart of Olmsted's "Greensward" as he called his plan for Central Park. For both of them, through poetry and planting, sought to give further expression to democratic ideas, reviving the republican plan at the very moment it seemed doomed to destruction.

Olmsted's work on the park was frequently interrupted, by tours of the slave states in his capacity of reporter, exhausting labours for the Sanitary Commission, and by a subsequent period in California as the manager of an ill-fated mining venture, but it established the career he was to follow, more or less consistently, for the rest of his life. It was, of course, far from being the only park he designed, but it was the first; and the troubles it occasioned for Olmsted were typical of the difficulties he was to encounter henceforth, and epitomized the throes of change through which the United States was going.

The story of Central Park, from its conception to the present day, is a tangled and often absurd tale of idealism, opportunism, and political corruption, which has evolved at great length and expense, and even inspired a musical comedy. While Olmsted saw the park as a grand opportunity to improve the quality of American life, the Park Commissioners had more pragmatic improvements in mind, and what went on up in Central Park was inseparable from the shenanigans down in City Hall, both being in the greasy palm of Tammany and Tweed. Nor were incompetent workmen, hired on the basis of patronage and of a park policy decided by ignorant and transitory political hacks, Olmsted's only problems: for he had frequent differences of opinion on matters of design and execution with Gilbert Vaux, his partner and collaborator. Vaux, an English architect, became embittered by the half a lifetime during which he was entirely overshadowed by Olmsted. Mrs Roper has attempted to rescue him from his obscurity, but the case for him is not wholly convincing.

Olmsted did his best to give his fellow-designer full credit, but his own ideas were from the start larger, entitling him to the lion's share of fame but also exacting their price. His troubles during the long period he was associated with the park, whether as an administrator or as critic and commentator, are far too numerous and complicated to go into here; but the heart of the matter was the perennial conflict between, on the one hand, ideals and theories and, on the other, realities compounded by political exigency and practices warped by self-interest. This conflict affected the whole of Olmsted's long public career. Like many gifted men of his generation, Olmsted seemed doomed, if not to perpetual failure, then at least to imperfect success, and was haunted by psychological instability. His life-long history of ill-health, particularly of neuralgia, his equivocal relationship with his father, his complex relationship with his brother John (whose family after John's death Frederick made his own by marrying the widow)—these details of biography had their equivalents in the troubled

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lives of Melville and Thoreau, as indeed in the lives of many eminent Victorians on both sides of the Atlantic.

Driven by a need to excel, Olmsted was also a perfectionist. This quixotism expressed itself in several ways, such as his faith in the power of the written word and, if he received more credit for Central Park than Vaux did, it was perhaps the unintentional result of his frequent appearance in print. More importantly, whether as author and architect or in the passion of his republican stance, Olmsted was very much in the American cross-grain.

As a descendant of Puritans, he inherited the New England tradition of public service; but in him it took the peculiar form of the federalist idealism of an earlier generation, on to which was grafted the stiff-necked reforming zeal of his contemporaries. In his insistence on viewing any problem of landscape design as part of a larger, social as well as aesthetic, problem, Olmsted's farsighted interest in planning shared much of the original republican vision: his devotion to the principle of unity was motivated by political as well as artistic ideals. But his politics were general rather than specific: he took a large view which presupposed financial generosity on the part of his fellow-citizens. His schemes, whether for farms, estates, parks, towns, or indeed college campuses, were far-reaching and thorough, but they were also expensive, too expensive for most of his prospective clients.

The result was compromise, which Olmsted the perfectionist detested, and it is ironic that one of his most fully realized schemes, "Biltmore" in Asheville, North Carolina, was made possible only through the kind of expenditures possible for the Vanderbilts, and that even those Vanderbilt millions eventually proved inadequate to Olmsted's ambitious conception. His plans, whether for the development of the Mariposa Valley in California or for the organization of the Sanitary Commission, were perfectly conceived but were unrealistically budgeted. Had adequate funds and full cooperation been available, Olmsted's ideas would have revolutionized town-planning in America; but this was not to be, and Olmsted's effect was thereby lessened, though it was still decisive.

Riverside Drive exists to bear witness to his efforts to overturn the practical but, in human terms, wasteful gridiron planning of New York City; but Grant's Tomb, at the uptown end, is a memorial to his ultimate failure. The Tomb is not only, as he said it would be, an anomalous termination to a pleasure-ground, but in addition a monument to the blind opportunism and corruption which characterized the Gilded Age, of which the unfortunate general was also a victim.

But Grant's Tomb has another, cautionary meaning, germane to the spirit of the age in which Olmsted believed and which he himself so clearly represented, even in his failures and final mental breakdown under the stresses of nearly half a century of frustrated endeavour. Melville and Thoreau too, in their own, separate ways, made inordinate demands on their contemporaries, demands inexorably linked with the high hopes which the Founders of the Republic vested in the progressive, self-improving machinery of a democratic system. Thoreau ended by championing John Brown, Melville by withdrawing into a private world of poetry and dark parables and, as these men disappeared into the silence of death and reclusiveness, Frederick Law Olmsted entered on his long public career; his park, like Whitman's anthology of hope, became an often revised, always changing testimony of faith. Yet, even as Melville saw through the dangers of militant idealism and as Thoreau turned to praise it, Olmsted had his own brief flirtation with absolute power in the name of the general good. During the war years, struggling to shape the Sanitary Commission into a functioning organization, as he inveighed against what he saw as *the* genial stupidity of Lincoln and opposed to it the personal strength, as it seemed to him, of General George Brinton McClellan, Olmsted revealed a yearning for "a miraculous man", a "central will and power" which would have given direction to a stumbling, indecisive government.

This is the other side of Olmsted's idealism, that hunger for centralized, all-powerful authority which will guarantee the implementation of perfect schemes for human betterment. We may lament those great plans of Olmsted's which the ignorance of so-called practical men and the slow and often corrupt workings of a democracy humbled or brought to nothing; but we may also, as he *did*, accept his accomplishments as at least partial successes, realizing, as he apparently did not, that the cost of total planning is totalitarianism. The United States, like Olmsted, has often longed for a man on horseback who will solve her problems, an expression of the dubious side of her colonial heritage. So far she has been fortunate in her general-Presidents, men who, like Grant, have been for the most part less astute in politics than on the battlefield.

The career of Robert Moses, Olmsted's modern counterpart, proves the point, for Mr Moses was able to convert Central Park into a powerful political instrument of total planning, demonstrating how a utopian scheme, rigorously applied, can become an intolerable instrument of unchecked power. Mr Moses may have further eroded Olmsted's park, adding structures which detracted from the ideal of natural-seeming landscape, but he shared Olmsted's faith in the future of suburbs. Olmsted was a pioneer in parkways, avenues of greenery linking city to expanding suburbia; but the coming of the automobile gave a different meaning to parkway, and in due course parkways became freeways, the true cost of which is only now making itself felt. The visitor to New York, walking up Riverside Drive toward Grant's Tomb, may curse the debris which litter his path, but he should also reflect on the ultimate price of immaculate ways.

John Seelye teaches at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

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The Selhurst affair

Letters of H. Rochester Sneath

In the spring of 1948 a minor public school called Selhurst and its Headmaster, H. Rochester Sneath, enjoyed a brief period of flattering attention from their eminent contemporaries. On printed notepaper that placed the school near Petworth, in Sussex, the egregious Mr Sneath sought or offered advice, invitations and self-advancement with a braggadocio that might have put the recipients in mind of Evelyn Waugh's Dr Fagan or Captain Grimes, or even Beachcomber's Dr Smart-Allick, but did not always do so. The plausibly named Selhurst and the improbable Mr Sneath were the invention of Humphry Berkeley, then an undergraduate at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and led directly to his being sent down for two years. Since then the Sneath letters have been known only to a privileged few, but now appear in book form, from which the extracts below are taken. Humphry Berkeley writes in his Introduction that many personal friends who have seen the letters meanwhile have said that they ought to be made available to a wider audience. While none of them was intended to wound, he decided that he should wait for twenty-five years. All, he says, are genuine.

TO THE MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
March 15, 1948

Dear Master,

As you are probably aware this summer sees the 300th anniversary of the foundation of Selhurst. In view of our connexion with Royalty and the fact that at the beginning we numbered among our pupils the nephew of a Balkan Monarch, I am most anxious to have the honour of entertaining Their Majesties if this is at all feasible.

Perhaps you would be kind enough to let me know how you managed to engineer a visit recently from the King and Queen.

Perhaps you would also give me any tips which you may have learned from your visit as to how Royalty should be treated since Selhurst would certainly wish the scale of its hospitality to be second to none.

With kind regards and all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

The College
Marlborough
Wilts
March 19, 1948

Dear Mr Sneath,

I have your letter of March 15. I did nothing whatever to engineer the recent Royal visit, I merely received a communication from the King's Private Secretary saying that the King and Queen could visit the school on March 12 if that day would be convenient.

No doubt the fact that the King's Private Secretary, the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury are all Old Marlburians had something to do with the matter.

I simply made arrangements for the day when I knew that the King and Queen would come.

I am in no position to help you in your request.

Yours truly,
F. M. Heywood
Master

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
March 26, 1948

Dear Heywood,

I am writing you this letter in the strictest confidence. I understand from a Mr Robert Agincourt who was Senior French Master at Selhurst, for one term two years ago, that he is applying for a post on the staff of Marlborough College.

He has asked me if I could give him a testimonial to present to you and I told him that by no stretching of veracity was I able to do this. You will understand that nothing that I have to say about Mr Agincourt is actuated by any personal malice but I feel it my duty to inform you of the impression that he gave while he was at Selhurst.

During his brief stay no less than five boys were removed from the school as a result of his influence, and three of the Matrons had nervous breakdowns. The pictures on the walls of his rooms made a visiting Bishop shudder and would certainly rule out another Royal visit. His practices were described by the Chairman of the County Hospital as "Hunnish". The prominent wart on his nose was wittily described as "the blot on the twentieth century" by a visiting conjuror.

As you cannot fail to have noticed, his personal appearance is against him, and, after one memorable Carol Service, a titled Lady who was sitting next to him collapsed in a heap. He was once observed climbing a tree in the School Grounds naked at night and on another occasion he threw a flower pot at the wife of the Chairman of the Board of Governors.

Should you wish any further information, I should be glad to furnish it for I could not wish another Headmaster to undergo the purgatory that I suffered that term.

I am staying for some days with my sister Mrs Harvey-Kelly at Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge, and I would be grateful if you would reply to this address.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

The College
Marlborough
Wilts
March 28, 1948

Dear Mr Sneath,

The man whom you have mentioned has not made any approach to me and I require no further information about him.

Yours truly,
F. M. Heywood
Master

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
April 2, 1948

My dear Heywood,

I am sorry to trouble you yet again but I thought it right to inform you that Mr Agincourt has abandoned the idea of an academic career and has now become a waiter in a Greek restaurant in Soho.

Incidentally, I dined with the Lord Chancellor last night and he spoke of you to me in the highest possible terms.

There are just two things that you can do for me. In the first place I am anxious to engage a private detective and would be grateful if you could give me the name of the man you normally use. Could you also recommend a competent nursery maid?

With kind regards.

Yours ever,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

The College
Marlborough
Wilts
April 4, 1948

Dear Mr Sneath,

I cannot imagine why you should suppose that I employ a private detective, and I am not an agency for domestic servants.

I really must ask you not to bother me with this kind of thing.

Yours truly
F. M. Heywood
Master

TO THE MANAGER OF THE ALBERT HALL

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
April 22, 1948

Dear Sir,

It has been decided to hold a monster rally of Old Selhurstians in connection with the coming celebration of the third centenary of the foundation of the school. So many applications have come in that the Jubilation Committee has had to abandon its original intention of hiring the parish hall for the occasion and to search for something more spacious. I should therefore be obliged if you would send me particulars of the formalities necessary for the hiring of the Albert Hall and of the approximate cost for one night. Would there be any hour by which the celebrations would have to end and is there any ban on the provision of alcoholic liquor? I suppose that there are arrangements to prevent any noise occurring inside from reaching the street as we do not wish to incommode the neighbours.

I shall be staying with Mrs Harvey-Kelly at Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge, for some days and would be grateful if you would reply there.

Yours truly,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

Royal Albert Hall
Kensington Gore
London SW
April 26, 1948

Dear Sir,

I have your letter of the 22nd April concerning a possible rally of Old Selhurstians. Since you do not say when this is to held, there is little I can tell you about dates except that the Hall is fully let for the latter half of this year and almost so for the first half of next year.

The Hall is licensed and has its own catering department, and it is rare for anything that takes place in the Hall to be more than barely audible outside.

You give me no idea of the numbers to be accommodated but I think you would probably find the Hall rather big for your purpose since here you would have accommodation for up to about 5,000 people.

The rent of the Hall for an evening for a concert or similar function with a seated audience would be £187 10s 0d but this amount would be substantially increased if you were contemplating a dance and required a dance floor laid in the arena.

Yours faithfully,
C. S. Tay
Manager

TO THE HEADMASTER OF OUNDLE

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
April 19, 1948

Dear Headmaster of Oundle,

I am writing to you because I understand from my friend Mortimer Benn that your School has recently been infested with rats, and that you were able to conduct a very successful Rodent Operation. It will, perhaps, make things clearer if I explain my position to you. Three weeks ago, during the holidays, I heard from one of the Matrons, that she had discovered a sizable rat in the Vestry. The good lady being nervous, called the Fire Brigade, but the animal made good its escape. Subsequently no less than sixty-four rats of various shapes and sizes have been discovered in the precincts of the School with the result that the Matrons have had nervous breakdowns, and the wife of the Chairman of the Board of Governors who was lunching with me and my wife, had a fit of hysteria on seeing no less than six of the creatures, and collapsed in a heap, having to be carried away in a blanket. As a result the School will have to reassemble a month late and at present the operations against the rats are being conducted by the School Chaplain in the form of a shooting expedition and I understand that after a week's effort they can only claim three victims. Attempts to smoke them out with brown paper proved hardly more successful and in desperation we called in a Jesuit to exorcise them. We are now at our wits' end and would be most grateful if you would let me know as soon as possible the name of your own rat-catcher.

I shall be staying for the next few days with my sister, Mrs Harvey-Kelly at the Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge and would be grateful if you would reply there.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

The Headmaster,
The School,
Oundle,
Northamptonshire.
April 30, 1948.

My dear Headmaster,

I am sorry to hear about your rats and don't know that we can really be of very much assistance. However, I have consulted the Bursar, who is responsible for this kind of thing and attach a note from him. It certainly seems to be a very unfair hazard on top of all the other troubles of a Headmaster!

With all good wishes,

Yours Sincerely,
Graham Stainforth.

Bursar's Office,
13b Market Place,
Oundle,
Peterborough.
May 1, 1948.

RATS

We employ a firm called THE BRITISH RATIN Co. Limited, Station Place, Letchworth. These people send "operatives" to the School eight times a year to deal with rats, mice and insects, and there is no doubt that the regular attention obtained in this way does help to keep rats down.

The Local Authority's Surveyor is supposed to take rats seriously and would conduct a special "anti-rat" drive if asked to do so.

Rat poison can of course be obtained from a chemist, but there is always a risk that the rats will die in some inaccessible place and floors may have to be taken up in consequence. Some poisons are said to drive rats into the open. The chemist, or again the Local Authority, will advise.

Bursar.

TO THE HEADMASTER OF RUGBY

Selhurst School
Near Petworth
Sussex
April 24, 1948

Dear Fforde,

Please forgive my having taken so long in writing to congratulate you upon your appointment at Rugby. Unfortunately, dear boy, I have been ill and unable to attend to correspondence for three months, but as an old friend of your good father's (I used to fag for him at School), I felt that he would wish me to give you some advice. The running of a School is a complex business. You will find, as I did when I came here as a young Headmaster nearly thirty-five years ago, that there are many Senior Masters who must be treated with tact. My first term here my Senior Housemaster committed suicide after eloping with the matron, but I hope that you will be spared that. On the other hand, you are bound to find a certain amount of resentment, especially among the older Masters, and, from my long experience, I would counsel you to treat them with deference although it may be only too clear that they do not deserve it. Always remember that one staunch friend among his Staff is an invaluable asset to any Headmaster. But something more than this is needed, and this is tolerance. Remember that you are a man of the world, as indeed I was when I became Headmaster, and you cannot expect the same broad-mindedness from men whose mental stature is inevitably circumscribed by the narrowness of the school surroundings. Never forget that the School exists for the boys and not the boys for the School, and that a quiet chat over a glass of sherry with a miscreant will often effect more than an out-of-hand beating. Do not be taken in by the hysterical outcries against homosexuality which from time to time appear in the press. I have found that most homosexuality amongst schoolboys is harmless, and you can afford to ignore what is in most cases a purely transitory phase. Do not quote me as saying this, because although I believe it to be true, you cannot say that kind of thing to the parents. When you meet difficulties, as indeed you are bound to, do not hesitate to write to me for advice, which I will gladly give for your good father's sake.

I am spending the next fortnight with my sister Mrs Harvey-Kelly at Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge, and would be glad to hear from you there.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

Archers
Headley
Hants
May 1, 1948

My dear Mr Sneath,

I must congratulate you, in turn, on your restoration to health: and thank you for writing me a letter so closely packed with good and serviceable advice: tending, it seems to me, to show, on the whole and so far as my own experience of people in other walks of life has gone, that if Civil Servants and Solicitors can, as is probable, be described with a rough accuracy as human beings, the same is probably true of Schoolmasters.

But I wouldn't know: and, when in trouble, will accept, at its word, your kind offer of advice.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur Fforde

TO THE HEADMASTER OF HAILEYBURY

Selhurst School,
Near Petworth
Sussex
April 22, 1948

Dear Headmaster,

I am writing to you in confidence about a Mr Robert Agincourt who has applied for the post of Senior French Master at Selhurst. He informs me that before the war he was for six years on the staff at Haileybury, but was unable to furnish me with any written testimonial from you, since he said that he had lost it. Naturally the last thing I would want to do would be to suspect him of any dishonest motives, and indeed I do not doubt that at Haileybury he proved a model Master and endeared himself to the Common Room and boys alike. However, it cannot be denied that his external appearances are all against him, and indeed boys might well mock at a Master with so prominent a wart upon his nose, nor, I imagine, could his club foot assist him in refereeing games. Nevertheless, it may be that beneath this somewhat distressing exterior, there lurks a capability of inspired teaching, and an inherent dignity of personality that is belied by his improbable appearance. If it is not troubling you too far, I should welcome your views upon Mr Agincourt and you may regard everything you say as being in the strictest personal confidence.

I shall be spending the next few days with my sister, Mrs Harvey-Kelly, at Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge, and it would be most helpful if you would reply there.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath,
Headmaster.

Haileybury and Imperial Service College,
Hertford.
April 23, 1948

Dear Headmaster,

Thank you for your letter of April 22. To the best of my knowledge Mr Robert Agincourt has never been on the staff of Haileybury College, nor can I remember a Master here with a prominent wart upon his nose or a club foot. He is clearly a fraud.

Will you please let me know if you have anything in writing referring to his time at Haileybury. Did you hear of him through an agency?

Yours sincerely,
E. F. Bonhote.

P.S. We have a Junior School at Windsor which was the Imperial Service College Junior School. It is just possible that he taught there—but I have no record of it, and in any case it would not be Haileybury.

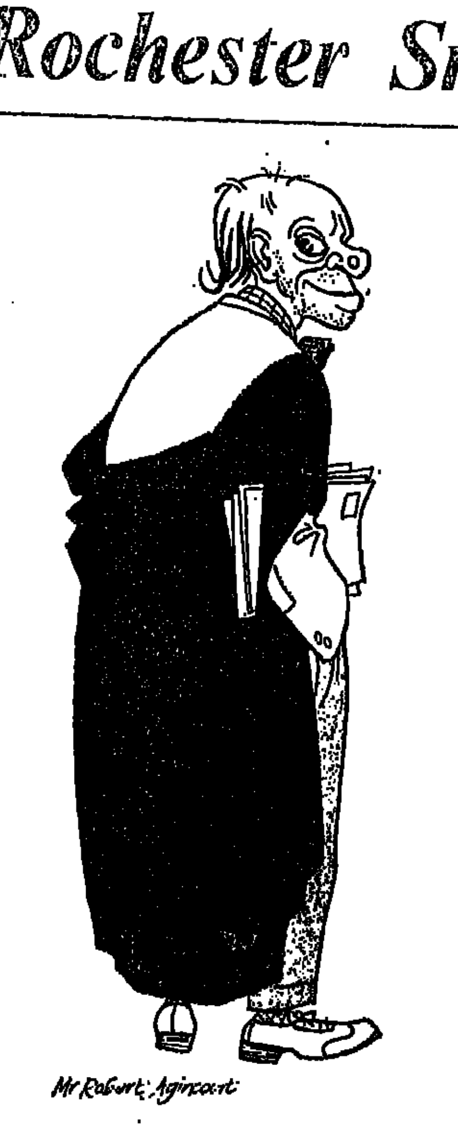
The HM is: E. A. S. M. Beckwith, H. & I.S.C. Junior School, Clewer Manor, Windsor.

Selhurst School,
Near Petworth,
Sussex
April 24, 1948

My dear Canon,

I am writing to thank you very much for your letter. From what you say it is fairly clear that Mr Agincourt could not have taught at Haileybury. On the other hand, he was able to display an intimate knowledge of Haileybury when he produced evidence of an unfortunate scandal, involving the dismissal of two masters, the mysterious death of another and the excommunication of the Chaplain, which allegedly took place during the time that he was a Master there. You will readily understand that it causes me great embarrassment to refer to this topic, which you must have hoped would have been forgotten, and I can assure you that I would not have dreamed of so doing were it not of material assistance in clearing up this mystery. He was not recommended by an agency, but applied to me by letter, having seen my advertisement in *The Times Educational Supplement.*

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster.



Nicolas Bentley did the drawings.

TO THE RECTOR OF BEAUMONT COLLEGE

Selhurst School
April 29, 1948

Dear Rector of Beaumont,

I am writing to you upon a matter of some delicacy. As you may perhaps have read in one of the more prominent Psychic Journals, we at Selhurst are suffering from a troublesome ghost. In any old foundation such as ours, this is often to be expected, and this particular ghost is generally believed to be the spirit of a Matron who committed suicide at the beginning of the last century, after having been seduced by a Housemaster. I understand that Catholic priests alone are able to exorcise these ghosts with Holy Water, incense, etc. I am told that Jesuits are particularly qualified for this owing to some degree they take, and that they would be more discreet than the local clergy. As this Spirit has already caused offence to a visiting Peeress, and, by appearing at dinner, has caused the wife of the Chairman of the Board of Governors to collapse in a heap, we are anxious to lay it as soon as possible, particularly as in a month's time we are to entertain the widow of an Ambassador. If you would consent to come, I should, of course, pay you the usual fee, and perhaps you would preach a sermon in our Chapel.

I shall be staying for about a fortnight with my sister Mrs Harvey-Kelly at Castle Brae, Chesterton, Cambridge and would be grateful if you would reply there.

Yours sincerely,
H. Rochester Sneath
Headmaster

Wimbledon College
Edge Hill
SW19
May 1, 1948

Dear Sir,

Your letter has been passed on to me by the Rector of Beaumont College, who is indisposed and unfit for violent exertions. I quite understand the predicament in which you find yourself, and will make a point of coming down to Selhurst School, if you will let me know the date of your return from Chesterton.

It will be necessary for you to have ready for me the usual Bell, Book and Candle, a gallon of holy water and a packet of salt. The latter is required for sprinkling on a certain part of the ghostly anatomy, so it should be loose and capable of being taken up in pinches.

These operations usually take some time, and remuneration is at the rate of a guinea an hour. An essential condition for success is that all present (myself excepted) should be fasting for at least twenty-four hours before the ceremony begins.

Trusting to hear from you in due course.

Yours sincerely,
John Sinnott,
Headmaster

Sneath's career was short. In mid-flight he was unwise enough to write to the Daily Worker about his difficulties in instituting compulsory Russian at Selhurst. The resulting controversy excited more inquisitive interest, and he was unmasked. "A cascade of Headmagisterial letters descended on Sir Montagu Butler, the father of R. A. Butler, the Master of Pembroke College. He formally rebuked me and pronounced his sentence. I think that I saw a twinkle in his eye, for he had showed me great kindness as a junior undergraduate and our relationship was happy and unchanged when, in 1950, I was showed in to the College after my two-year exile."

The Life and Death of Rochester Sneath, with Illustrations by Nicolas Bentley, is published by Davis Poynter (95pp. £2.50).

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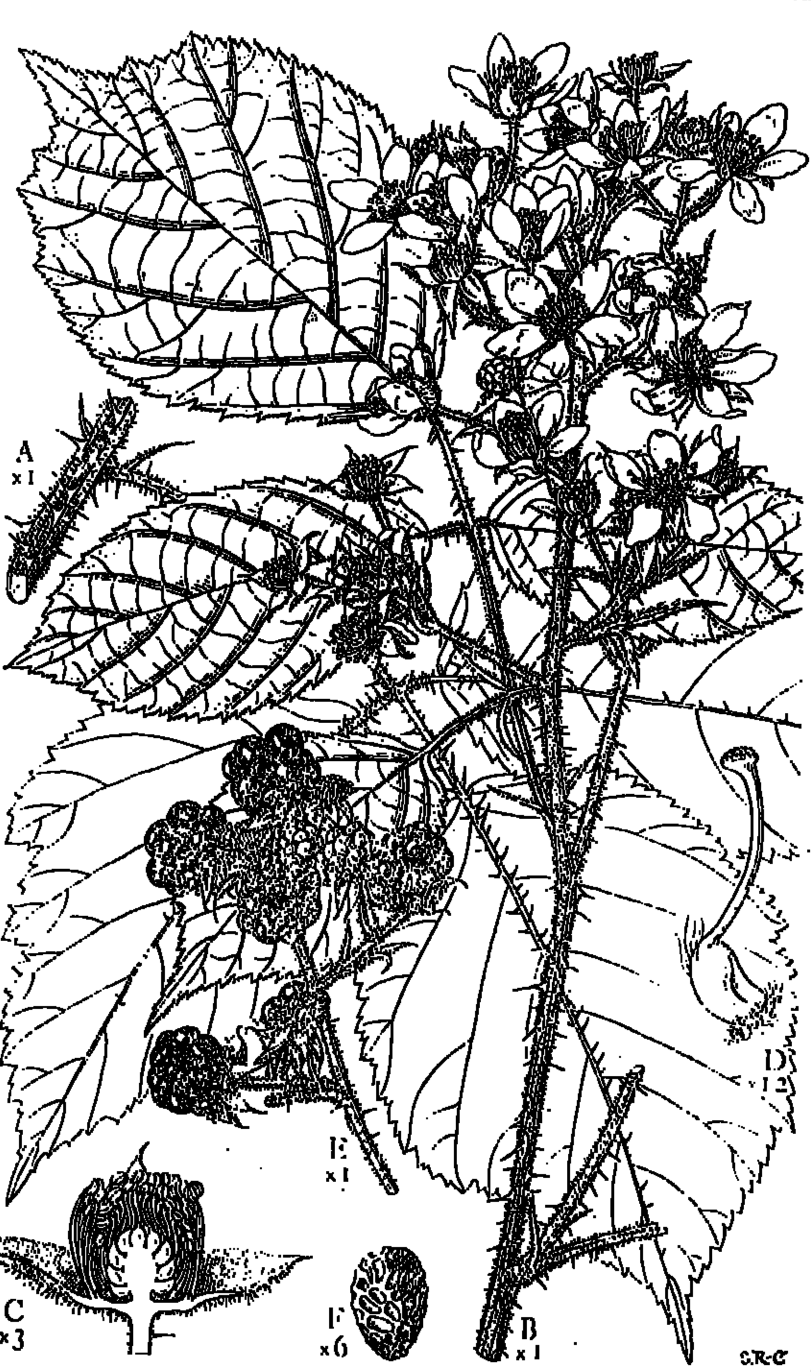
TLS Commentary

A long-drawn-out affair

The first of the thirty-one parts of Stella Ross-Craig's *Drawings of British Plants* was issued in 1947. Now, with the publication of the *Index* (40pp. Bell. £3.50), the work is complete. To produce over a thousand drawings sounds like a task for a lifetime: in fact, two thousand more of Miss Ross-Craig's drawings are stored in that monument to the human need to name and classify, the Kew Herbarium.

Meeting her there, turning over sheets of drawings and walking along the galleries filled with cabinets of dried plants that run around the sides of the enormous halls like the galleries in a penitentiary, one learns that a botanical illustration is as much part of the business of analysing information and passing it on as an architect's plan or an engineer's drawing. Her plates were produced at the rate of about a hundred a year, but reading, measuring, and dissecting took more time than finally putting pen to board. The drawings explain and display the crucial characters on which the descriptions and keys that define species are made. It was not always possible to work from fresh material: to reconstruct the appearance of the living plant from its flattened brown remains on the herbarium sheet is a nice task in applied perspective.

To achieve in a drawing the sort of clarity that can make sense of a verbal description of a pressed specimen has always been the important scientific job of botanical illustration. Miss Ross-Craig's drawings are closer to the woodcuts which illustrate the sixteenth-century herbals of Fuchs and Brunfels than to the more lavish, but botanically less important, horticultural colour-plate books of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. She too shows the underground parts, and does not see it as part of her job artfully to subdue nature's awkwardnesses. Her clear, detailed line drawings may be less likely to hit the best-seller lists than gaudier, less authoritative plant books, but like hardy perennials they will live through more seasons.



Stella Ross-Craig's drawing of Rubus rudis, *one of the blackberry brambles, from* Drawings of British Plants.

Aversion therapy

"It may seem a little strange", writes Princess Anne in her laconic introduction to *My Pet Hate Book* (unnumbered pages, Routledge and Kegan Paul. £1.50), "that The Save the Children Fund . . . should sponsor a light-hearted book of this kind. But I for one believe that there is no need for unnecessary solemnity in helping others". We hope, too, that a similar licence will be extended to Commentary: everybody's pet hates include the pet hates of others, and the cute antipathies sported by the celebrities brought together here are as antipathetic as anyone might expect.

The trouble with anthologizing the aversions of the great, of course, is that they are likely to seem laughably insignificant to less sheltered beings. This isn't always the case, admittedly. Rolf Harris's detestation of lavatory paper that rips awry, The Goodies' loathing of muzak, Tom Jones's firm preference for not being cut off during telephone conversations—these are things we all have to live with. Few of us, on the other hand, will be able to empathize with Lord Longford's fear of being asked "Well, how are things at Oxford?", or share Lady Stocks's hatred of seed cake, or know the full force of Eric Morecambe's abhorrence of the hot-drinks automat at the BBC.

Scarcely less puppyish are the dreads of Mel Calman ("people who have exciting parties and don't invite me"), Sir John Gielgud ("men who take their jackets off in restaurants"), Ernie Wise ("invited to a party and given a warm gin-and-tonic") and Reg Smythe, who in common with his brainchild Andy Capp can't bear being the oldest person in a pub. Most universal in their predilections, perhaps, are Frederick Forsyth, who is against hypocrisy, Andy Williams, who doesn't like bigots, Bing Crosby, who deplores bad weather when it interferes with his golf (Bing's agony is eased, however, by "the realization that it's doing the farmers some good") and Marc Bolan, the distinguished (or distinguishable) ex-member of the T. Rex pop-group, who probably speaks for us all in berating "people who talk with their boots and walk with their mouths".

The only two contributors who can be said undamagingly to have entered into the spirit of things are Bernard Levin and Germaine Greer. Mr Levin replied that he hated "being asked to contribute anything to charitable causes except money. . . . Now I am expected to supply details of my pet aversion. WELL, I HAVE." The letter dispatched by Ms Greer carried much the same burden, with one minor improvement—she had got her secretary to write it.

Weighty problems

A fat man stands on the beach scouring the horizon for his little boy, who is seated on the sand beneath the abdominal bulge, playing with a bucket. The caption reads: "I can't see my little Willy." The original artwork for this classic dirty postcard, along with designs by Donald McGill for some 200 others, may be seen until November 29 at Cartoon Originals, Bernard Levin's and Robin Ray's gallery in Gloucester Road.

McGill lived from 1875 until 1962, and produced a torrent of such images from before the First World War until almost up to his death. Estimates of the total number vary between 3,500 and 12,000. His career coincided with the best years of the picture postcard: in 1895, 314 million postcards were dispatched in Britain; by 1914 this had grown to 880 million a year.

Yet there was little in this for McGill. He often parted with the drawings and reproduction rights for as little as six shillings, rarely for more than £2. His iconography, as every day-tripper knows, was limited: drunks on lamp-posts, randy sailors, children (salacious or sentimentalized), elephantine matrons, svelte blondes, pin-striped officials, silly parsons, conniving pets and knowing bears. While the mammary glands and gluteal fat of his monstrous women strain at the seams, his little men, not surprisingly, struggle with potency problems. In his rudely drawn images, the characters try to deflect attention away from their grotesque physiques, only to have their precarious dignity punctured by captions as savagely unsubtle as children's comments which seize on just those characteristics adults try so vainly to hide.

Although none of his critics has pointed it out, the fact that as an adolescent McGill had a foot amputated may be instructive. His handicap certainly sharpened an obsession with people struggling to conceal some bodily deficiency. Though he himself went to great lengths to cover up his amputation, he developed the humour of defectiveness with a sadism almost infantile in intensity. Be that as it may, the discoverers of McGill choose to argue, as we may read in the catalogue, that he was an "artist" with an "intrinsic sense of social comment" who "left behind a vast contribution to our heritage in the popular visual arts". From dodging yesterday's Watch Committees, McGill now emerges as the quarry of scholars.

According to the catalogue, "It is only from an historical perspective that it is becoming possible to gauge the measure of (McGill's) popular appeal." That gets rid of Arthur Calder-Marshall's *Wish You Were Here* (1966); Orwell's *Horizon* essay of 1941, while rebuked for being "ill-informed and inaccurate", is commended for at least being on the right lines in his "seriousness". A definitive monograph on the artist is shortly expected from Buckland and Tickner (who have sole copyright of "The New Donald McGill Comics"), and this should complete the canonization.

In 1967 and 1968 an enterprising dealer bought 2,000 McGill originals for £2,400 at auction. Prices at Cartoon Originals today are around the £100 mark for a single drawing. The disciple's beneficent interest proves the magnitude of the saint, doubtless accounting in some measure for the catalogue's gratuitous piety.

By Warhol out of Proust

If the quality of the language is not strained, neither is the quantity: when *The Mother and the Whore* was first shown last year at the Cannes Film Festival (where it won the Critics' Award and shared the Jury's Special Prize) one old lady emerged from the cinema complaining that she had heard the verb *baiser* 142 times. The film has finally opened at the Continentale Cinema in London, with at least as many four-letter words emblazoned on its subtitles. But instead of launching into a debate on obscenity, critics here have tended to give voice to that other Puritan anxiety: the question of whether it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

The film's hero (Jean-Pierre Léaud) may suggest that future man will consider his own life so interesting that he will find the idea of movies, in particular of people talking on a screen, beyond belief, but its creator Jean Eustache is evidently doing his best to keep this utopia at a distance. The same self-absorbed hero, who aspires to speak only in quotations and who models both his emotions and his sentences on Proust, exhaustively rehearses, interprets and replays each café encounter or emotional flutter. Indeed, he is reduced to silence only at the end of the film's 219 minutes, after the nurse he has picked up has cut through his literary evasiveness with a thirty-minute scatological monologue.

Eustache, both formally and through his bed-hopping characters, creates an unlikely amalgam of Warhol with Proust. He has made a film about time and about language which may—by contemporary standards—seem a little rude or a little long. Its traditionally literary virtues have confounded even the subtitlers, who occasionally substitute footnotes for translation. One long and witty exchange is rendered by the prefatory title: "Here follow untranslatable French puns."

John Bayley's review of the new biography of Wilfred Owen by Jon Stallworthy, announced for this issue of the *TLS*, has been unavoidably held over, but will appear next week.

Poe
If you have friends ty and want
to make them a gif auty, take a
look at *The Shires* (£2.50). Poet-
ically important, it most arrest-
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A lion and his legend

By Adrian Lyttelton

IDLEY:

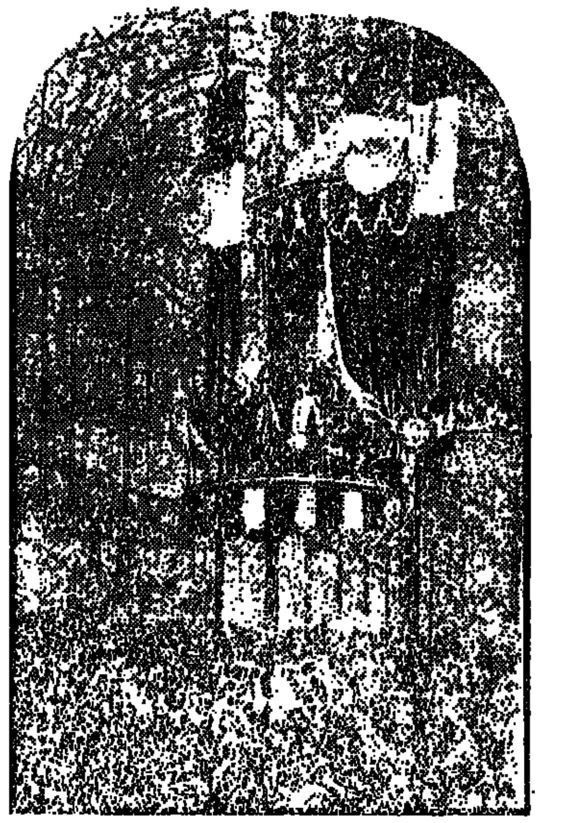
stable. £7.50.

one great Englishman share the universal for Garibaldi. He was absolute incarnation of only "the inexplicable and wilfulness of the had taken him up, ure, and set him on a The tone is unmistak- except Thomas Carlyle dared to consign Gari- dustbin of history with dence? But it is ironic ge's leading hero-worship- have failed to recognize authentic hero. For Gari- a hero, even if he did Carlyle's requirements. He nius for the simple but gesture. His style was but classical. Herzen com- to "a figure out of the and the rather faded myth atus returning to the me to life again when retired to Caprera to etables, having just con- kingdom. The importance irement in perpetuating of Garibaldi is justly d by Jasper Ridley.

is of course, another side question. Garibaldi was Caprera before he was to get off again and to expeditions to Rome. he became the victim as the creator of his own nd the painful fiascos of re and Mentana were the Was his simplicity, then, for ambition? Mr Rid- previous biographers of would reject this suspi- worthy; and I think he is do so. No one could have Garibaldi's unselfconscious pretensions. What other would have stopped in the of a critical battle to wash in the sea? When one of ers taking his men from the mainland sprang a plugged it himself with a manure. It was this practi- fulness and love of things for himself which, with his unshakable made him such an inspir- er.

ty of Garibaldi's military however, reveals that his genius was not a mirac- lt. His victories of 1859-60 e fruit of a lifetime of ce in irregular warfare his capacity to learn from mistakes. The most novel rbing feature of Mr Rid- graphy is the lengthy which he gives of Gari- apprenticeship in South For over ten years he the obscure civil wars of ment, first for the rebel Rio Grande do Sul against and then for the Unitarians ay against the Argentinian Roses and his Federalist

s much for Garibaldi that ged from these savage and struggles with a reputa- honesty and humanity, though Argentinian prop worked hard to discredit bloodthirsty pirate. There o holds barred in South n warfare: in the armies of



Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace, 1864.

Juan Manuel Rosas each battalion employed a regular *degollador*, or cut-throat, whose official duty was to slit the throats of all the prisoners after battle. (This information, incidentally, Mr Ridley owes to Jorge Luis Borges.)

One of the curious features of Garibaldi's early career is that, as was natural for a professional sailor, his fighting was done more on water than on land. In his Italian campaigns Garibaldi had comparatively little opportunity to use his naval skills; but at least during the passage of the straits from Sicily they came in useful. On land, it is clear that Garibaldi was sometimes taken at a disadvantage because he did not guard sufficiently against surprise. This got him into trouble as late as 1848, in his first campaign against the Austrians. That campaign looks decidedly less impressive in Mr Ridley's account than in the versions of some Italian historians. His superior in the early stages of the siege of Rome, General Avezzana, was another experienced Latin American fighter, who had won more important battles than Garibaldi, and the latter's tactics in the battle for the Villa Corsini have generally been recognized as defective.

But already in South America Garibaldi had shown that he could inspire resistance against seemingly impossible odds. At the battle of San Antonio in 1846 he had won a remarkable victory with only two hundred men against 1,200; this was enough to create a halo of excitement around his name bac[illegible] The reputation of Gariba[illegible] owed something to the publicity given to his exploits by other radical emigrants, such as the Mazzinian Cuneo, who had earlier been responsible for recruiting him [illegible] Italy. In South America, Garibaldi was usually fighting against superior odds, and it was there that he acquired the skills which the military underdog needs: evasion, surprise, and stubborn defence.

Mr Ridley possibly devotes too much space to Garibaldi's South American adventures, which occupy almost a quarter of the book. However, they make a fascinating story, and there was much more scope for the finding of new evidence in Montevideo and Buenos Aires than in Rome. Mr Ridley has uncovered Garibaldi's petition to Rosas for asylum in 1837 and the dictator's reply, and he has sifted the various stories about the Amazonian Anita with care. He quotes from sixteen collections of unpublished papers in Latin America, compared with only one in Italy. This is probably justifiable, given the great quantity of published source-material available for the later period.

The bibliography is extensive, but there are a few surprising omissions in the Italian chapters. G Berti's study of *I democratici e l'iniziativa meridionale nel risorgimento* (1962) is important for the political background to the expedition of the Thousand, and for the understanding of the *carbonari*, who are rather sketchily described by Mr Ridley. The works of Raymond Grew on the *Società Nazionale*, and of Aldo Romano on the origins of Italian socialism do not appear to have been consulted. The well-known book by Marc Monnier, *Histoire de la conquête des deux Siciles*, does not appear in the bibliography. The literature on Garibaldi, however, is vast, and Mr Ridley has reduced a great mass of material into a coherent and lively narrative. One may feel, however, that the account of Garibaldi's visit to England, amusing as it is, gets too much space in comparison with the Sicilian campaign. In general, Mr Ridley's examination of Italian sources seems to have been rather more thorough for the 1848-49 period than later on.

One can sympathize with a biographer who has to follow both G. M. Trevelyan and Denis Mack Smith. Trevelyan's habit of applying thick coats of whitewash to hide the violent disagreements between Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini may be exasperating, but the narrative parts of his work are still a model, he walked his battlefields in a thorough, old-fashioned way. Mr Ridley has to be more compressed and his descriptions are inevitably less vivid. His chapters on the Thousand are less exciting than those on South America, and in addition he is badly served by the inadequacy of his maps. Anyone who wants to make sense of the campaigns will still have to turn to Trevelyan, if only to find out where Garibaldi went.

Garibaldi meets Tennyson, at Faringford House, Isle of Wight.

Garibaldi was an extrovert. It would seem that many of the subtleties of politics were beyond him. One doubts whether he really understood the issues in the debate on the merits of plebiscite or assembly in 1860. Sober and protracted analysis of Garibaldi's policies is not really worth while. What there is to say has mostly been said, very well, by Mr Mack Smith; though some controversy is still possible about Garibaldi's rather hazy notions of dictatorship. Garibaldi's detractors always point out that he never understood anything about constitutional government, or indeed any kind of government, and this may well be true.

However, when he called for a "dictatorship" he seems to have been thinking of something on the Roman model, a temporary government for an emergency. His own dictatorship in Sicily and Naples was on the whole mild: his faults as a ruler were more those of indecision and weakness than of authoritarianism. One wonders how he would have managed if his period of authority had been more prolonged, and in particular how he would have dealt with peasant discontent. His lieutenant Bixio put down the rising of the Sicilian peasants of Bronte with notable brutality; and it is possible to argue that only Garibaldi's resignation saved him from the odious task of having to fight a war of repression on the mainland. Certainly in some areas, particularly in the Abruzzi, the peasants had already risen for the Bourbons before Garibaldi's retirement. He benefited also from peasant support, particularly in Sicily; but it was the landlords who profited from his revolution.

Mr Ridley agrees with Mr Mack Smith that while Garibaldi was somewhat naive and impulsive in politics, easily deceived or confused by the professionals, he was not a "zero", as Carlyle believed. Certainly he was "a man with more feelings than ideas", as the Argentinian statesman Bartolomé Mitre observed. His basic beliefs seem to have remained very much the same throughout his life.

At the age of twenty-five, shortly before he was recruited by Mazzini's Young Italy, he had met the French St Simonian Emile Barrault, and his teaching had left a deep mark on him. It was the mystique, not the sociology, which impressed him. There is a curious echo of St Simonian dogma in the speech which he made thirty-five years later at the Geneva peace congress: "The Congress ordains to the priesthood the men of the elite of science and intelligence." There is no evidence that Mazzini's insistence on the unique mission of individual nations appealed to him particularly; in some ways Garibaldi retained more of the revolutionary faith in universal reason. He believed in natural religion and in the impossibility of war between democratically governed nations.

His ideas may have been vague and unoriginal, but his good sense and his instinct for popular feeling often enabled him to avoid the mistakes of more complicated and intelligent men. This comes out most clearly by comparison with Mazzini. Mazzini once told John Morley that it was true that Garibaldi looked like a lion—but then lions looked stupid. Garibaldi on his side complained that Mazzini's claim to "infallibility" meant that one either had to obey him in everything or to quarrel with him. Perhaps Mazzini was right in condemning Garibaldi's political conduct in 1860 as too weak and remissive towards the monarchy; but it is hard not to recognize the overriding necessity of Garibaldi's decision to work with Victor Emmanuel.

The successive failures of all Mazzini's attempts at insurrection, ending with the tragic death of Pisacane in 1857, alienated many of his most active supporters. Without the monarchist alliance Garibaldi would have been short of money, of officers, and above all of political opportunity. His were the only genuine Italian victories of 1859-60; but it was the French army which made his success possible by driving the Austrians from Lombardy. Garibaldi was extraordinarily successful, of course, in persuading men to fight for him. But his volunteers came mainly from the towns, and it would be quite anachronistic to think that he would have been capable of winning a war of national liberation on his own. He

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FABER & FABER

needed all the help he could get, and if an orthodox monarchist would never have done anything in 1860, then neither would an orthodox republican.

During 1876-79 the Left temporarily lost Garibaldi: he accepted the programme of the *Società Nazionale* of La Farina and Pallavicino, which subordinated all other political objectives to the single aim of unity. It was Garibaldi's adherence which really launched the *Società Nazionale*. Here he was unfortunate. La Farina, though an able organizer, was devious and egotistical in the extreme; and one of the few periods in which Garibaldi was identified with an organized political group ended with his being sold down the river. The breach between Garibaldi and Cavour may have been inevitable because of the cession of Nice: no one likes to lose his birthplace. But Garibaldi's bitter distrust of Cavour, La Farina, and the moderate politicians also resulted from a series of minor deceptions and frustrations. He was an honest man, and he could not understand the need for bad faith. Admittedly his impulsiveness created many problems for the politicians on whose side he was fighting. Early on in his career, for example, he almost ruined the project for an alliance between Brazil and Uruguay by challenging the Brazilian minister to a duel. In 1860 he played into Cavour's hands when he made his resentment against him public.

If Garibaldi failed to secure the victory of his radical supporters over the conservatives, he at least ensured the popularity of the left. In 1871 he again proved that his political judgement could be superior to Mazzini's. It was just as impossible for Mazzini to compromise with socialism as it was with monarchy, and this led him to condemn the Paris Commune in 1871. On the other hand, Garibaldi's instinctive sympathy with the popular and patriotic cause enabled him to see that this attitude would be profoundly repugnant to the majority of radical and republican opinion. His adherence to the International had its comic side; the old gentleman declared his absolute sympathy with the socialist programme, but only up to the point where it attacked property. Bakunin, who had been inspired by Garibaldi's achievements to a new faith in the possibilities of insurrection, was not surprisingly less enthusiastic about the merits of his ideological position. But Garibaldi's refusal to condemn the Commune was important as it kept his prestige alive, and as much as Mazzini he can be regarded as the patron of democracy in Italy. In countless small towns, where perhaps there would have been one or two Mazzinian lawyers or doctors, it was the fame of Garibaldi which enabled democracy to become an ideal and which weakened the hegemony of the priests.

Hero-worship has its disadvantages. The myth of Garibaldi and the Thousand could be perverted into a justification for any minority of noisy patriots who wanted to start a war. In this form it was an important element in the Fascist mentality. But the "Garibaldinian" of the twentieth century had about the same relationship to the real Garibaldi as kitsch has to real art; it was a trivial appeal to set emotional responses. One of the most impressive characteristics of the real Garibaldi was his continued refusal to confuse patriotism with xenophobia. He always insisted that he was a "cosmopolitan", and in an odd way this was true. His primary passion was Italy, but he was ready to fight for other nations if he could be convinced that they were fighting against tyranny. He would have fought for the North in the Civil War if Lincoln had promised immediate emancipation for the slaves.

The sincerity of his commitment to humanity was rewarded by a popularity which was not merely national but world-wide. English dukes and duchesses lionized him; the workers of Newcastle bought him a sword and telescope by subscription; Hungarian peasants sang songs about him, and Russian serfs hoped that a "Garibaldov" would come to speed up emancipation. He was the hero of an age in which national passions were at their most incandescent, but in which the nation state had not yet become the armed industrial juggernaut of the future. His decency and his courage still move us, and Mr Ridley is to be thanked for bringing his story up to date in a clear and careful book.

Adrian Lyttelton is the author of The Seizure of Power: Fascism in Italy 1919-29.

Vintage radicals

By William Scott

LEO A. LOUBÈRE:

Radicalism in Mediterranean France Its Rise and Decline, 1848-1914

258pp. Albany: State University of New York Press. $20.

Leo Loubère's study of the departments of France's Mediterranean coast attempts to explain "the transition of the lower South from domination by legitimists and Orleanists after 1815 to domination by Radicals and socialists after 1880", a transition which, in his view, really began in mid-century. He employs the techniques of history, electoral sociology, quantitative analysis and human geography to analyse the forces, predominantly local rather than national, which induced voters to favour the Radicals and then, increasingly the Socialists.

Dr Loubère gives a forthright defence of his choice of a region (rather than the nation or a department) for his study, saying that it was "unified yet varied", the unity of the lower South lying in the importance which the vicissitudes of mass low-quality wine production had for political life. This is quite a bold choice, which the book largely justifies, providing scope for generalization and for the illuminating discussion of contrasts. Not all opportunities are taken, however, and not all pitfalls avoided. References to developments in the rest of France are sometimes perfunctory, making it difficult to judge whether local considerations predominated to the extent suggested. Only a summary view of the politics of the cities within the region is possible and treatment of politics at communal level is inevitably somewhat sporadic.

Also, it becomes clear that Languedoc and Provence were rather different with regard to Dr Loubère's main criterion—dependence on wine monoculture—and that their economies diverged progressively. But the over-view of the politics of the Mediterranean coast is extremely instructive, while more detailed examination of certain elections, of more limited areas, allows discussion of the role of personalities, local traditions, forms of "sociability", religious conflict and so on.

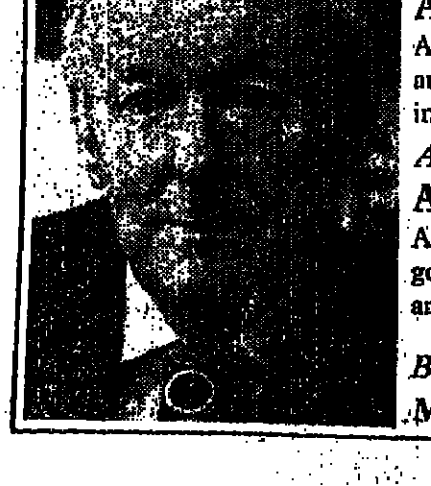
As in most studies of this sort, there is a tendency to deal in "factors", some of which are introduced rather arbitrarily as "ingredients" into the analysis. Nor does Dr Loubère always escape the danger of the genre which consists in attributing a political change to some other "factor" which itself demands explanation. Moreover, some of these factors are analysed in much greater depth than others: rather vague references to literacy could have been supported with figures, while dechristianization and Protestantism might likewise have been more fully delineated.

Obviously, with such a work, individual readers will be able to refer to certain areas or political situations and take exception to some of Dr Loubère's generalizations, even though these are far from reckless and are formulated in a pleasantly undogmatic way. In a book which makes much of distinctions between highland and lowland zones, Dr Loubère perhaps has a tendency to treat the highlanders too readily as backward and isolated: but the Basses-Alpes, for example, with high levels of literacy, manifested a republican commitment so closely bound up with that of its southern neighbours that its exclusion from consideration seems a pity (perhaps, however, the wine content of Dr Loubère's region would be inadmissibly diluted by its inclusion).

A more important extension of scope would not be geographical but chronological. Much of what is discussed here seems to demand reference back to the 1789 Revolution. Undoubtedly the mid nineteenth century marked a crucial stage in the change from royalism to radicalism: but to appreciate this fully, one would need to know how deep-rooted was the post-revolutionary royalism of the Midi and the reasons for its implantation (though this again might lead to a demotion of the importance of geography and the fortunes of the wine industry as major explanations of political change). The Republican movement of 1848-51 needs to be confronted with the Jacobin movement of 1792-94, as Maurice Agulhon has done for the Var. Studies which explore links between nineteenth-century developments and trends in and before the Revolution—such as Michel Vovelle's work on religious sentiment and dechristianization in Provence—need to be assimilated into more general studies of political evolution. Dr Loubère makes virtually no use of works, or those parts of works, which deal with the revolutionary period in the Midi, though the *Atlas historique de Provence*, in particular, provides a wealth of relevant information and suggestions.

However, his book is already very wide in scope, his research thorough and clearly presented, with an impressive array of maps and tables. Undoubtedly the author has done a high measure of justice to a fascinating subject.

William Scott is Lecturer in History, Aberdeen University.



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Michael Joseph

To the Editor

Robert Louis Stevenson

Sir,—In 1927 Edmund Gosse wrote: "There has been more nonsense written about Stevenson than about any other author of our time. He has been ridiculously travestied, for evil and for good, over-praised for virtues which he did not possess, over-advertised for faults which he never committed." In the period since then we have had the major biography, *Voyage to Windward* by J. C. Furnas which swept away, on the evidence of letters and other documents not previously available, the family legends as well as the myths created by the debunkers; while modern critics like David Daiches and Janet Adam Smith have presented us with a balanced view of Stevenson's achievements as a writer. It is sad therefore to see in the *TLS* of October 25, under the guise of a review of James Pope-Hennessy's new biography of Stevenson, a fresh outburst of silliness based on inadequate knowledge of Stevenson's life and work.

One thing Bruce Chatwin has in common with the now discredited biographers of the 1920s is a great assurance about sexual matters. G. S. Hellman and J. A. Steuart gave us an account of a highly-sexed young man who had love affairs with "Claire", an Edinburgh prostitute, and other disreputable young women as well as with Mrs Sitwell and Fanny Osbourne; they implied that his involvement with older women meant that he had a mother-fixation. Mr Chatwin presents us with an undersexed young man ("there was not going to be much sex in this marriage"), married to a woman who had "perhaps a distaste for sex in general", who cultivated "a reputation for womanizing (without much evidence)"—surely the first time Stevenson has been criticized for a reputation foisted on him by his biographers. He tells us that Stevenson, "unable to face the complications of sex", was "ready to work it off on a hike" and that Stevenson "is well known to have had a father-fixation".

Not content with all this nonsense, Mr Chatwin introduces a new fantasy in the form of a "passionate friendship" with Lloyd Osbourne and tells us that part of Fanny's attraction was Lloyd (who was in fact only eight years old when his mother met Stevenson). In support of this we are told that Lloyd "all but died of grief" on Stevenson's death; in fact, Lloyd became seriously ill with the prevalent *dengue* fever at the end of February 1895—almost three months after Stevenson's death. He hints at homosexuality and makes a mysterious reference to "Long John Silver's wooden leg"; if he had read *Treasure Island* beyond the first page (where he found the words "nut-brown", "soiled" and "scarred" which he quotes) he might have discovered that Silver did not in fact have a wooden leg. Then he assures us that the charge of homosexuality cannot be sustained because of "a scrap of doggerel" (which he misquotes, and expurgates by substituting a dash for Stevenson's "damned"), which Stevenson wrote to Count Nerli. In fact these two lines are part of a longer piece of doggerel Stevenson wrote in Nerli's autograph album. If he had read the complete verses Mr Chatwin might have realized that Stevenson used the word "girlie" because he was getting desperately short of rhymes to "Nerli": he had already used "early", "ferlie", "surly" and "pearlie".

Elsewhere in the same issue A. J. P. Taylor draws attention to examples of "psychological deduction run wild" in the interpretation of the life of Engels. Students of this strange phenomenon of modern criticism will find equally interesting examples in Mr Chatwin's theories about Stevenson's illness and the relationship between Stevenson and his wife. I prefer to believe that human beings often get married because they love each other and that wives nurse their husbands through serious illnesses in the hope that they will get better.

Mr Chatwin tells us with the air of someone who has discovered this commonplace of Stevenson criticism for the first time that "Edinburgh is the key to understanding Stevenson". He then goes on at great length about the contras an doxes of life in Edinburgh — second-rate writer Robert Stevenson has written fa memorably on the same sub tells us that Stevenson got fined, euphemistic circumlo from Edinburgh conv Stevenson was a man of temper and strong large he had been able to Mr Chatwin's patronizing ments and impertinent there would be nothing " stic" about the language he have employed.

ERNEST ME

6 Abercorn Road, St
Middlesex.

'The Quiet Do

Sir,—I should like to again on the question of khov. Harrison E. S (October 25) gives that bring out further nature of the personal through which Sholokhov 1929-32. I contend that th is the key-issue. As for th tinual revisions, these m seen against a general again the effort to isolate khov merely leads to m standing. After the early ye drive for the writing of Russian, in part entangled educational struggle for led to attacks on work Gladkov's *Cement* for th tremely vital and colourf guage based on actual spe idioms, and so on. Russian have said to me that in years Gorky, with his "good" Russian, despite th and popular variety of style, had done literature tionally a disservice. The of linguistic correctness be some extent entangled question of correct political and the elevation of Tolstoy and method in the literary tutes helped to cast a sh the use of popular and f ments. Gladkov rewrote with sad results, and Sholo his best to flatten out the exuberance of his earlier (One notes how Solzhenitsy his denigration of the "coa our" of Shukar in *Virgin* *turned*, himself echoes th tanic demands.)

Here then, it seems to m one more point which sho Sholokhov's career can b understood in terms of the cultural situation with its conflicts, and forms of ment, and only in those ter attempts to bring this comp ter down to a question of theft simply empty it of

JACK LIND

Castle Hedingham, Essex.

Sir,—The authority of A Solzhenitsyn and the (a incomplete) researches cannot but add to the w the already well-establishe facie case, widely acce Soviet literary circles, ag authenticity of Mikhail Sho authorship of all or some supposed earliest and best

As Dr Dewhirst says, dou yet be taken as proven. there seems no reason w established methods of analysis, as used on other could not now be emplo settle the matter one way other. And I understand th work is already being und It is, however, a large and task, and should not be One thinks, in particular, parallels as Alvar Ellegard on the Junius letters. In *Who was Junius?* (Almq Wiksell, Stockholm, Gothen Uppsala, 1962) he expl method of massive stylistic son between Junius, Sir Francis (each at various d from thirty-five to fifty-ni contemporary political writ involved computer work ADB Insritute at Gothen the precise methods invo described more technic Ellegard's *A Statistical M Determining Authorship*, published in *Gothenburg S English*. Similar work been done, of course, o subjects, such as the classic prose writers.

ROBERT CONQ

4 York Mansions, Prince
Drive, London SW11.

'The Gaudy'

—May I venture to point out your reviewer of *The Gaudy* ber 25) has perhaps been a careless and unfortunate? ge 107 my narrator fears were he to attempt a novel of sity life, the result might be expatiation". Your reviewer ds this as "mere expiation", makes play with the expression two disparaging para- One expects writers in your to check their quotations. here is one with something to requires, I think, little cation!

J. I. M. STEWART.

pler Copse, Kingston Lisle,
ge, Berkshire.

British Painting

—Peter Fuller's comments on current exhibition at the Hay Gallery are as much a symp as a diagnosis of the "Malaise British Painting" (October 25). y of his general points are fair. when he comes down to particulars his judgments are oddly inade- To spot Kline as the "source" the painting by Keith Thomas is her perceptive nor illuminating: would certainly argue that this artist's sense of space is to Miro than to any American ter. On a very different level, describe Richard Hamilton's con tion merely as "three prettily imaginatively executed floral ings" is to be baffling insensi- to the purposes of artistic irony. to suggest that no American would be "forced to turn to ative floral art" is to ignore operation of almost identical constraints in the case of, say, nquist, Warhol or Wesselman. In effect, Mr Fuller's article leads to suspect that the "malaise" is much in British art criticism as British painting. His encomium America all too neatly balances depreciation of Britain. For him, ainting" is either "dead" or e (depending on the point of from which one views it), and "New Art" of the previous Hay Biennale purports to super- "painting" (even if it does not ceed in this curious claim). This ed manipulation of clichés would seem to imply a lack of any rical grasp of the development modernist art quite on a level what emerges from the Hay exhibition. If all that is at e is indeed the interplay of ficial antinomies, then why not fine discrimination to the simple ise of distinguishing "paint" from all that is not painting: not base the selection on the dious common denominator of a ed craft, with the effect that best works are cheapened and weaker pieces seem simply itious? For that is what this bition amounts to. There are e splendid individual works to disentangled from the mass.

But I would suggest that the only tion which escapes the general reciation is the small corner of ks which (by and large) follow constructivist tradition. Whether y assert a structural order be their sensible dimensions (Ken Martin, Anthony Hill, Michael ter), or make critical examina of "pictorial space" (Gillian e Ciobotaru), or simply contro the shibboleth of "painting" ter Lowe, Norman Dilworth), y jointly offer a critique of the e assumptions prevalent in the aluation of the exhibition. In r conjunction, they offer the allenging possibility that art uld be a vision of the world, in ally related to the evolution of ways of seeing and involving a cific relationship to the modern tradition.

As a whole, the Hayward exhibi simply demonstrates that a ablance of democratic selection is substitute for the operation of ical intelligence. It betokens not which the "malaise of painting" the rigor mortis of a particular ed of critical quietism. And if brings into clear focus the dis sing effects of this attitude, it well prove to have been bene

STEPHEN BANN.

th Century Studies, Rutherford
lleze, The University, Canterbury.
nt CT2 7NX.

Sir,—It strikes me as strange that l compelled to protest against r Fuller's article on "The Mal of British Painting" (October with which I am in whole-hearted ement. Nevertheless, I must For two reasons in fact. First, that Mr Fuller fails to realize that the malaise, to use his word, is far from local. Ours is a period without a cultural style in the fine arts which could foster a uniformity of excellence—and Andrew Forge was well justified in demonstrating the point by contriving his methods of selection.

Secondly, and much more important, even a stunted show, such as the present Hayward exhibition, succeeds in proving that we have two major artists working in this country now. Patrick Heron's large canvas confirms that our European traditions of decorative painting are far from exhausted; that progress along the lines indicated by Matisse and Braque is still possible. And Anthony Hill's two constructivist compositions are masterpieces of the very first order. Mr Hill's is a Pythagorean elation which creates images of an overwhelming beauty based on the simplest combinatorial principles.

It strikes me that a country where two major artists appear within the brief spaces of a single century is very lucky indeed; to have two of them shown together within a single exhibition is wholly exceptional—and, in my opinion, it justifies it.

R. C. KENEDY.

Art International, Via Maraini
17-A, Lugano, Switzerland.

'Great Tom'

Sir,—Would it be all right if I admit everything D. W. Harding says (October 18)? Or is he going to send the cops for me anyway?

Just one small cavil: "When Mr Matthews reveals the degree of his literary perceptiveness—for instance in discussing, with ponderous italicizing, one of Eliot's experiments with internal rhymes *for choral speaking* [my ponderous italics] . . ." Mr Harding either skipped the next two paragraphs or his cue slipped. The point of this passage (page 135) is: "Eliot's obsession with these rub-a-dub internal rhymes reached its nadir in *Ash-Wednesday*, where their clamor nearly ruins Part V of that beautiful poem . . ." and the point is, I think, borne out by the fourteen lines of quotation that follow.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Cavendish Hall, Cavendish, Suffolk.

Brothers and Sisters

Sir,—Perhaps I may make a comment or two arising from the recent correspondence in your columns (August 9, *et seq*) concerning a possible incestuous relationship between the Wordsworths: this correspondence stemming as it originally did from the appearance of my book, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Bondage of Opium*.

We need have little doubt that, had Annette Vallon's letter not been discovered in the Blois Record Office, suggestions today that Wordsworth might have fathered an illegitimate child would be greeted with vehement protest from a certain section of the poet's admirers. As it is, Caroline has to be accepted as established fact. But the subject of an incestuous relationship between Dorothy and William Wordsworth remains taboo; in spite of the fact that incest, throughout the ages, has been of common occurrence and is not, if we consider it objectively, really such a very unnatural relationship.

In my book I said: "It is important not to allow reverence for the Wordsworths to suspend our powers of judgment. . . . There is more hard factual evidence to support the allegations of an incestuous relationship than can possibly be brought forward to refute it. . . . The Wordsworths themselves have supplied abundant written testimony of their mutual infatuation."

Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals* as now published especially provide material which surely gives us reason to suspect that the Wordsworths' relationship was in all probability an incestuous one. "William's head bad . . . I petted him on the carpet." "After dinner we made a pillow of my shoulder, I read to him and my Beloved slept. . . ." What should the reaction of an unbiased reader be to this kind of disclosure by a woman in her early thirties?

Perhaps Dorothy Wordsworth never really grew up. Perhaps she never truly understood those hours at Dove Cottage when she and her brother sat, or lay, together in physical intimacy, "tête 'n' Silence and Love", as she described it. But what of William Wordsworth? Are we to believe that the author of "'Tis said that some have died for love" (and the father of Caroline) also failed to realize the implications of his relationship with his sister? I am afraid that I, for one, find this impossible to accept.

Finally, I would point out that Coleridge's 1804 comments upon Wordsworth's happy family life (quoted by Mary Moorman, October 4) should be compared with other comments made by him in 1799 when, in April of that year, he met the Wordsworths briefly as they passed through Gottingen on their way back to England, following their months spent solely in one another's company in Goslar. Coleridge then found the Wordsworths "melancholy and hipp'd . . . dear Wordsworth appears to me to have hurtfully segregated & isolated his Being/Doubtless, his delights are more deep and sublime/but he has likewise more hours, that prey on his flesh & blood".

As Mrs Moorman says, no one knew the Wordsworths more intimately than did Coleridge.

MOLLY LEFEBURE.

Low High Snab, Newlands, Near
Keswick, Cumbria.

Jane Austen's Bicentary

Sir,—Dr Bradbrook's letter (October 18) refers to the 1975 celebrations of the bicentenary of Jane Austen's birth; he would like to see these staged to coincide with her birth date, December 16. The British Library's Jane Austen exhibition will certainly do so, as it opens on December 8 and will continue until mid-February 1976.

Early editions and translations of her novels will be on show, together with autograph drafts and letters. Loans from other collections, public and private, will help to give a comprehensive account of Jane Austen's life and writings.

Dr Bradbrook also mentions that 1975 will be the bicentenary of the outbreak of the American War of Independence, which the British Library will commemorate with a major exhibition in the King's Library at the British Museum from July 4 to September 15. The exhibition will include a considerable amount of contemporary material from our collections never before exhibited, comprising maps, topographical drawings, military plans, letters, diaries and caricatures.

DENYS PARSONS.

Press and Information Services,
The British Library, Store Street,
London WC1E 7DG.

Fernando Pessoa

Sir,—For me to write that Fernando Pessoa "sang like Schubert" was, according to Mr Rhys Burriss (October 18), wrong, because "'sing' seems highly inappropriate for such an intellectual approach to life". Why so? Mr Burriss must be aware that there are other poets (e g Dante, Shakespeare, Shelley) who combine intense thought with sheer singing. And if someone has no ear for Pessoa's singing, he must be only partly qualified to assess either Pessoa as a poet or translations of the poems.

To my mind, a translation of a foreign poem into English should, if it can, be the English poem whose music fits the full content of the original. A very high ambition, and the risks (or some of them) are obvious, especially with rhymed metrical poetry. If one funks them, the proper alternative is a plain prose crib, presented as such. This can be a great help to those more or less able to read the original; but there are very many people who require more—require, in fact, close translations of poems into poems.

In the Penguin *Fernando Pessoa: Selected Poems* I would have liked my translations to be printed opposite the original texts. But of course one can then get only half as many poems into a given number of pages—a great disadvantage when the poet to be represented is Pessoa, the extreme of manysidedness. I think what chiefly persuaded me that my versions were worth printing without the original text was when a member of the poet's family, to whom I showed some of them, exclaimed: "It's the voice of Fernando speaking."

JONATHAN GRIFFIN.

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Park Road, London NW1.

'Research in Progress'

Sir,—The publishers of the first edition of *Research in Progress in English and Historical Studies in the Universities of the British Isles* (1971) have received numerous inquiries about the publication date of the second. May we use the hospitality of your columns to inform all university teachers in English and history that we shall shortly begin to gather information for a second edition to appear in September-October 1975. Those teachers who did not respond to our first inquiry in 1971 will receive a questionnaire through their departments; those whose research was listed in the first edition of *RIP* will be approached individually and invited to up-date their original entries. Both types of inquiry will be issued in the next few weeks.

We and the publishers have been sufficiently encouraged by the reception of *RIP* to use this opportunity to increase the number of institutions and individuals brought within the scope of the volume. This we shall do in two ways: (1) By inviting replies from scholars who, though not university teachers (either now or in the past) are pursuing significant research within the fields covered by our survey. They should take this letter as an invitation to send us at the address below a brief description of their current work. (2) By including among universities to be approached directly, those in some English-speaking countries in the Commonwealth. To bring in all Commonwealth universities at once would be impossible; to include them by stages is our ultimate goal.

S. T. BINDOFF.
JAMES T. BOULTON.

St. James Press, 1A Montague
Mews North, London W1H 1AJ.

Women and Literature

Sir,—I have just received the *TLS* of August 30, 1974, by seamail. I was interested to note the comments by Jayanta Padmanabha there on Laetitia Landon and Cape Coast. When I visited her grave, she was defined to me as a suicide who could not accept her husband's taste for African mistresses. In the light of Ms Greer's attacks upon the stereotypes of femininity in our culture, I found this legend interesting. Could Laetitia Landon be a victim of that most unfeminist of stances, defence of romantic love?

The story is not substantiated, and what it really suggests is a fundamental difference in approach to love, sex and marriage in Laetitia Landon's two worlds. Marriage involving both fidelity and romantic love is a Western convention. It works extremely well as a realistic partnership in some other societies, such as Ghana, although Western ideas are affecting attitudes now.

L. E. L. is locally interpreted, therefore, as a reserved nineteenth-century English wife who failed to compete with the vitality of African women. A long way, one may say, from her role as minor poet in "polite" English society.

ELAINE FIDO.

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of the West Indies, PO Box 64,
Bridgetown, Barbados.

'The Highwaymen'

Sir,—Your announcement (October 25) of the forthcoming production of *The Highwaymen* as "what appears to be the British première of [Schiller's] "Die Räuber" is—you evidently suspected it—not entirely correct. Schiller's play was performed three times, in German, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in June 1881, during an eight week season put on by the Meiningen Court Theatre.

This correction would scarcely be worth making were it not for the fact that, despite the generous acknowledgement of contemporaries such as Antoine and Stanislavsky, and theatre-historians such as Lee Simonson and Denis Babler, the work of this ensemble — the most important touring company of the nineteenth century—is inadequately known in Britain.

JOHN OSBORNE.

The University of Sussex, Falmer,
Brighton, Sussex BN1 9QN.

'I, the Very Bayonet'

Sir,—The reviewer of *I, the Very Bayonet* (*TLS*, July 5) is of course correct in saying that Levuka does not appear on the general map of Fiji. It has a map to itself. He is right again to point out that nineteenth-century Fijians are indexed under first names. Strictly speaking, they had no other.

Perhaps he coud adduce genuine instances of my incompetence in Fijian geography and linguistics; the book is a big one; those that he does offer are much like the tattered troops which the more discreet Falstaff declined to lead through Coventry, and his lack of wisdom inspires the hope that he will be equally amusing in his comments on the second volume.

DERYCK SCARR.

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No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—November!

Thomas Hood may have felt deprived, but we at least have a fine assortment of books to see us through the onset of winter. November titles include:

Published on the 7th

ORDERS TO KILL (£3.25) by Charles Whiting

NO SURVIVORS (£3.25) by Edwyn Gray
Two new titles in the Seeley Service War Fiction Series

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Two paths across the language frontier

By G. P. Butler

All discerning students of the modern German language and its relationship to English will rejoice at the appearance of these additions to the big Langenscheidt and its even bigger competitor, Harrap. No criticism should be allowed to obscure the fact that these dictionaries, however much they may be seen to differ, are magnificent; and most criticism of them must, until they have been in use for some considerable time, be tentative. Even their prices should be lamented with caution. Take Harrap: the first volume (A-E) cost £4 in 1963, the second (F-K, the largest of the three) £5 in 1967. But these earlier volumes—each of them now costs £8, which still puts the new Langenscheidt at a disadvantage—were quite simply cheap at the time; in an inflationary situation today's sequel is probably, regrettably, no more than a little expensive at £15. Langenscheidt naturally has to be measured against Harrap wherever possible, as it is bound to have been by those who compiled it. Both dictionaries, incidentally, are sturdily bound, though Harrap—divided as it is into thinner volumes—may wear better; both are impeccably printed.

Langenscheidt does not expressly acknowledge Harrap: it "would far exceed the limits of a bibliography to list all the books consulted", and so there is evidently to be no list at all. Such reticence could have something to do with rivalry. Langenscheidt and Harrap are clearly rivals; and competition between publishers can be profitable. But one cannot help wondering whether, when it comes to elaborate projects such as the making of big bilingual dictionaries, the prospective makers would not be better advised to join forces. It is hard to believe that the book-buying public would not be better served if they did.

Some of the differences between the two may be inferred from the following rough figures. Langenscheidt claims that "each page contains almost 25% more text than in Part I" (ie, than in the English-German volumes of 1962-63); to an outsider comparing sizes (of print, page, margin, and space between columns), the average contents of this fuller page and those of a page of Harrap seem quantitatively much of a muchness. However, Langenscheidt devotes 13 more pages than Harrap to the letter A, while Harrap takes 51 more pages than Langenscheidt for the letter K. The figures for the letters in between are: B, C, and D—6, 1, and 8 more pages respectively in Langenscheidt; E, F, G, H, I, and J—32, 46, 30, 7, and 3 more in Harrap. Excluding introductory material, Harrap (from A to K) is 150 pages longer than Langenscheidt. A random sampling of individual entries tells a similar story. There are, for example, 12 terms relating to "Altar" in Langenscheidt which are not in Harrap, and 9 such terms in Harrap which are not in Langenscheidt; figures for "Alkohol" are 24 : 6, for "Arzt" 20 : 1. Langenscheidt has a little more to say about "Ameise" and related terms, and about "Apfel", etc. Harrap offers more under "Apothek-". But when one reaches "Katz-" (or "katz-"), "Klee-" (or "klee-"), "Kolben-" (or "kolben-"), Harrap wins hands down—63 : 17, 40 : 9, 52 : 6.

In his editorial preface to Harrap (in 1963) Trevor Jones drew attention to the "almost limitless possibilities" there are in German of forming compounds, and he explained that

> self-evident compounds (*i.e.* those whose total sense is merely the sum of the senses of their elements) have been omitted, except where the compound is very widely used, or represents an important technical concept, or else where the appropriate sense of any one component might be difficult to discover in a complicated article.

The many questions one would like to ask the editors of these dictionaries would include: how is a technical concept judged significant enough, a self-evident compound common enough, for inclusion? And above all, in this connexion, could a case not be made for omitting many more such compounds, as defined, even if they do express these concepts, even if some are in general use? Much presumably depends on the situations in which dictionaries are used. An English reader who comes across the term "Privatfirma" is unlikely to puzzle over its meaning if he recognizes its components; but students who wonder whether such a compound exists (or whether "eine private Firma" is the only way of translating "a private firm") will no doubt be glad to find it down in black and white. Others may wish to make sure that an "Orgelbauer" is an "organ-builder"

OTTO SPRINGER (Editor):

Langenscheidt's *Encyclopaedic Dictionary of the English and German Languages*

Part II: German-English. Volume 1: A-K.

xl plus 973pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £25.

TREVOR JONES (Editor):

Harrap's Standard German and English Dictionary

Part I: German-English. Volume 3: L-R.

xii plus 486pp. Harrap. £15.

rather than a "-maker" or "-constructor" or "-peasant" or a type of bird-cage. But what do they need to know about "Orgelmusik" which they cannot work out for themselves?

Such questions are raised in all humility. If they elicit answers, the argument for listing self-explanatory compounds will presumably be restated and reinforced, and cover "foreign" terms as well. Some of these (eg, "Legaldefinition", "Nationalgalerie", "Okularinspektion", and possibly "Metallzylinder", "Plastikbombe") may be in the same category as "Privatbank"; but what of "Quarterdeck" and "Radiokompass"? It is far better to have too much in a dictionary than too little. Nevertheless it seems possible that—to revert to Langenscheidt versus Harrap—the quantitative differences indicated above could be reduced by pruning of a kind which very few potential dictionary-users would regret. Self-explanatory "foreign" *non*-compounds are a different matter and need listing if only to record grammatical details (gender, plural form, etc). It can, after all, be useful to know not merely that "Potto", "Pingo", and "Migma" mean "potto", "pingo", and "migma" and are pronounced as you might expect, but also that one of them is neuter, another need not add "s" in the genitive singular, only two have plural forms, and two—not the same two—relate to "*Geol*".

The full title of Langenscheidt, and an introductory reference to "the encyclopaedic character of the dictionary", could raise expectations which Harrap in name does not. And indeed, the non-grammatical material presented in Langenscheidt (explanations, background information) is often fuller than that in Harrap. Again, however, it is hard to tell—though the question must at least be put—whether more is not at times too much. The samples taken seem representative. "Apfelsäure" in Harrap is "*f. Ch.* malic acid"; in Langenscheidt: "*f chem.* malic acid (HOOCCH(OH) CHCOOH)"—an extreme case, perhaps, but of a typical distinction (*cf* "Borsäure", "Erythrit", "Kohlenmonoxyd"). Botanical terms Langenscheidt translates into English and Latin; Harrap tends to settle for English only (see "Buschbohne", "Efeu", "Grabwurz", "Hausschwamm"). As with botany, so with zoology/ornithology/ichthyology/entomology: if you want to ennoble the "Filzlaus" turn to Langenscheidt ("*Phthrius pubis*"), in Harrap it is simply a "crab louse" (*cf* "Blaudrossel", "Heilbutt", "Känguruh").

In the field of more general culture the distinctions are less clear. Langenscheidt briefly explains classical names ("Aglaia", "Aphrodite", "Bacchus", "Charon", "Dionysos", "Hera", "Janus", "Kalliope"); Harrap on the whole leaves them unexplained save for a laconic "*Gr. Myth*", "*Rom. Myth*", etc. But on history and the arts the honours are less unevenly divided. There is more, if only a little more, to be learnt from Langenscheidt than from Harrap about "Chlodwig", the Heliand, the Heptateuch, and the *Kulturkampf*, about "Götterdämmerung" "Grundgesetz", "Dolchstosslegende", and the implications of "Gartenlaube"; but rather less about "Edda", "Hildebrandslied", "gleichschalten", "Kristallnacht" and the *Anschluss*; and there is nothing, in Langenscheidt, about the journalistic significance of "Kladderadatsch", or the periodical "Athenäum".

One can note omissions—"Frauenschaft", "Altliberalen, die", from Langenscheidt; "Karlsbader Beschlüsse", "Freischütz, Der", from Harrap—and still respect the sentiment with which Langenscheidt's preface ends: "In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed" (Dr Johnson). In the case of excellent large-scale dictionaries such as these it is primarily a matter of registering mild surprise. Harrap, for instance, gives us "Kruppstahl" (missing from Langenscheidt), and "Mannesmannrohr", and "Martinhorn"—was there no room for "Leitzordner", and none for "Makartbukett" when naturally we have had "Litfasssäule" and shall soon have "Schrebergarten", and when more out-of-the-way terms abound? Does not "Dawesplan" (missing from both), if not "Rapacki-Plan", deserve a modest place, however big the roles of Marshall and Morgenthau? If we are to have "Parkinsonsch", why not include "Brightsch" (Langenscheidt does); if "Plancksch", why exclude "Einsteinsch" (Langenscheidt does not); if "Dantisch", "Heinisch", "Kantisch", "Mozartisch", why not "Molierisch", "Lessingsch", "Herdersch", even "Moltkesch" (all to be found elsewhere)? And surely there is a "Maoismus" to be fitted in among "Jansenismus", "Leninismus", "Ockhamismus", "Peronismus"?

The relative modernity of certain terms or meanings fully accounts for their absence from the earlier volumes of Harrap, their presence in the corresponding Langenscheidt. By 1963 a reference to Bismarck under "Altkanzler" was natural enough (though Langenscheidt omits the term); but to list "Blechtrommel", a fairly "self-evident compound" and hardly "very widely used" at the time, was probably considered superfluous; and a reference to Günter Grass (as found in Langenscheidt's listing) would have been a surprise. Similarly, terms relating to more recent soci political phenomena are und dably less common in the recent books: there was n man "Altbundeskanzler" 1963; "haschen" (=to take ish) and "fixen" (=to "f had not achieved linguistic minence when Harrap's "F-K in the making; "ausserparla tarisch" could scarcely demanded inclusion until the 1960s; nor, in all likelihood unfairness, could much termi associated mainly or exclu with the German Democ Republic—"Einheitspartei", " Deutsche Jugend", "Handel-o isation". When the diction draw up their lists of abbrevia for the concluding German-F volumes, some of the present balance will of course be redre (by the inclusion in both o FDJ, HO, SED, and so on.

One strength of both diction is their coverage of collo idiom, provincialisms and slan might again be unfair to omissions from an area w changes shape so rapidly; neve less, Harrap is the book for t unfamiliar with "Chuzpe" or zled by the greeting "Hum Hummel!". Langenscheidt may waiting for "Mors", may room in due course for "L arsch" (neither appears in rap), lists "Edelkitsch" "Affenstall" (again unlike rap), and is certainly better "bumsen" (did it not "fuck" before Harrap fini B?). But a general impression that, at least when treating may be termed timeless vulga Harrap has the greater range.

The ways in which all this m rial is presented, and the ge tenor of the target language which it is primarily relate each case, may, finally, have influence on which of the two tionaries is preferred. There for instance, slight differenc phonetic notation between which could weight the s Furthermore, phonetic trans tions of "every simple word" (Langenscheidt) may considered a waste of space; could the constant repetition first element of compound (Harrap) when it could reduced, as in Langenscheidt, tilde. None the less, the nub of matter is likely to be elsewhere Illustrate "Knigge" Harrap one example—a negative one translates it neutrally as "he no manners"; at least one of genscheidt's two translations, positive yet no more flavour example, is more revealing slightly odd "to be well poste one's etiquette" is followed "*Am. auch* to know one's Post".

Langenscheidt's American tation is apparent through Where Harrap translates "Ei wohnung" as "self-contained *U.S*: apartment", Langensch has "apartment (*Br.* flat) co ing a whole floor"; in billi according to Harrap, an " stoss" is a "shot played screw", while for Langensche is a "twister, shot played with (*Br.* screw)". Harrap, on the hand, is alone in offering, "Ehekreuz", ". . . (*of wife*) trouble and strife"—an which, once the English-Ge part of Harrap starts to ap augurs well for "app "plates", and "round the hou Langenscheidt's German ori tion is also unmistakable and present problems to English-s ing users: Harrap, under " genschlagen", explains ". . *strong smell, smoke, fumes* come surging at s.o.", whereas genscheidt's identical translati prefaced by "(*von Rauch, Ge etc*)". Latin apart, Langensche italicized information is in fa mixture of English and Ger and though the mix may systematic it is confusing at the juxtaposed "(*without ar* (*Ort*)", which precedes a pr tion of "Dingsda", is perhaps sual, but the chopping and c ing is not.

Irksome though these fea may be, however, it is obvious once their freshness has wor the studious user will take the his stride. And obviously, too, for him above all that Otto S ger, Trevor Jones, and their spective teams have worked are continuing to work so hard. Scholars and teachers particular should thank them cheer them on.

G. P. Butler is Senior Lectu German at University Co London.

25 jahre

WISSENSCHAFTLICHE BUCHGESELLSCHAFT
DARMSTADT

Im 26. Jahre ihres Bestehens kann die Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft ein etwa 3500 Titel umfassendes Programm für 31 Fachgebiete vorweisen. Mehr als zwei Drittel der angebotenen Titel sind zur Zeit lieferbar. Dieses reichhaltige Angebot wissenschaftlicher und schöngeistiger Literatur wird sinnvoll ergänzt durch Schallplatten-, Grafik- (Kunstkreis) und Büchermöbelangebote.

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WISSENSCHAFTLICHE BUCHGESELLSCHAFT
DARMSTADT

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e churches under Weimar

en Chadwick

RIGHT :
Parties"
ical Attitudes of the Ger-
estant Church Leadership

xford University Press. £5.

ord Historical Monographs ready published Jeremy valuable study of the rise Nazi Party in Lower Saxony. Parties" is another useful tion to our understanding cal attitudes in the Weimar It examines the Protestant through the eyes of the in the Kirchenausschuss, the committee coordinating the federated Landeskirchen, d existed before the First War in rudimentary form given a new identity and lus by the events of 1918-19 and by the formation of a Kirchenbund in 1921. J. R. C. Wright has used the archives of the Kirchenbund and of related organizations, along with the private papers of Hermann Kapler, who from 1925-33 was president of the Oberkirchenrat of the Old Prussian Union, and thus the most important single representative voice, when the Protestant churches were forced to speak out on the moral and ecclesiastical problems created by the Nazi advance to power.

The general view among scholars that the Protestant churches were instinctively of the conservative Right, and never accepted the Weimar Republic with their heart, is echoed in the famous jingle: "The Church is above politics but votes Nationalist." Testing this thesis against the utterances of the central committees and the debates of their assemblies, Dr Wright finds it largely justified. But he has introduced many nuances into the general proposition, and shows how wide was the spectrum of opinion within the churches. Liberalism is good for modern churches, and the Weimar constitution was by design liberal. If the Republic had continued to steer the same moderate course as between 1925 and 1929, and if economic circumstances had not intervened, the leaders of the churches would have reconciled themselves and their people to the new Germany, the chief evidence for this reconciliation being the Prussian Church Treaty of 1931. The election of Hindenburg to the presidency in 1925 had already encouraged a swing of opinion among conservative churchmen.

Dr Wright is inclined to blame these Protestant leaders for their political quietism; but, in claiming that they ought to have recognized the "nature" of the Nazi movement, he has the advantage of hindsight. Protestant pastors were free to attack the ideology of Alfred Rosenberg or Ludendorff's eccentric Tannenbergbund, or the Thuringian Artur Dinter's "Aryan Religion". But for Protestant church leaders to single out a political party—as opposed to particular ideas within such a party—for condemnation was unthinkable in the traditions of all Protestant churches under liberal constitutions. If they blamed Catholics for their involvement in politics through the Centre Party, they could themselves hardly become involved unless the Nazi Party inserted specifically anti-Christian propositions in its official programme. Hitler was in fact careful to create the impression that the churches were his allies. "I need Bavarian Catholics as well as Prussian Protestants", Hitler told Ludendorff, "to build up a great political movement. The rest comes later." The most fascinating part of the book is an account of the discussions, hitherto unknown, between Protestant leaders and Nazi representatives during 1931-32.

The difficulty in a democratic state of rallying a church in opposition to a single large party hardly needs stating. Had the German Protestant churches attempted this, their people would not have followed them. The sole viable political alternatives to the Nationalists were the Communists or the Social Democrats; and the latter were still tarred with the prewar brush of anti-religion, a reputation which they only began to lose during the later 1920s, and then, chiefly, as the result of their recognition of the need for a political alliance with the Catholics of the Centre Party. If pastors denounced individuals in their congregation for their membership in the Nazi Party, they risked other pastors speaking out in encouragement of it if people believed that they saw in National Socialism the best hope for German society and German revival.

The autobiography of Franz Tügel (edited by Carsten Nicolaisen, 1972) contains private confirmation of the same anxieties which Dr Wright illustrates from official records. Tügel was to become the Nazi-sympathizing bishop of Hamburg. Although (as he says) he was an "arch-conservative" from his mother's breast, he still thought, as late as 1928, that the churches should be non-political.

In the summer of 1930 a friend persuaded him to hear a speech by Wilhelm Kube at a political meeting in Bad Oeynhausen, from which he came out convinced that to be "above politics" was to live in an ivory tower. He became more and more interested in this new party which stood for religious instruction in schools and for the moral revival of Germany, and which seemed to spring not from political theorizing but from a hardly articulate dynamic among the people, and finally joined the Nazi Party on June 1, 1931. He found in the party's meetings all the excitement of religious revivalism; and only in retrospect did he come to criticize the party when after 1933 it became "established", taking on the characteristics of a state religion, and losing in the process all the elan and self-sacrifice of its youth.

On the personalities of the Protestant leadership in the years 1918-33, Kapler in particular, and on the question of whether Protestant anti-semitism was confined to a few eccentrics and exaggerated in the press, or had wider currency, Dr Wright might have had more to say. What were the consequences among churchmen of the Nationalist Party's disastrous acceptance of Hugenberg as leader? And more should have been made of the "religious Socialists" who, in the 1920s, sought to break down the antagonism between the Social Democrats and the Protestant churches in a modern form of Christian socialism.

atesman in exile

Klemens Klemperer

E NIX (Editor):
ich Brüning: Briefe und Ge-
, 1934-1945
Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-

ich Brüning, Chancellor of the Republic 1930-32, is among embattled European states- the period before the Second War. The memoirs which ed posthumously in 1970 re- Brüning as a political man ed by the ethos of a Prussian and in the style of a monk, accentuated his controversial Hardly anyone ever doubted grity and dedication. But, some stalwart apologists saw as he used to see himself, impartial servant of the state nd become the victim of the ess of parties, intrigues President Hindenburg and ers from abroad, a growing of critics attacked him pre- for his virtues. Should a poli- not thrive on conflict and ? Theodor Mommsen, the historian of Rome, once wrote 's statesman should be no ". Brüning was a knight, and historians tend to take him

easier to be an elder states- than an active one (just as it to be an historian than a action and responsibility). ich *Brüning: Briefe und* the, *1934-1945*, containing letters, diary entries and tions, is a record of the cellor as elder statesman. e same time, however, it record of exile; and exile is ularly bitter experience for sman. Brüning kept in close so far as this was possible, his political friends in Ger- until the outbreak of the war; his advice, so far as this was ible with his German patriot- Allied leaders, and he acted tector of the emissaries of German Resistance—Carl Goer- Adam von Trott zu Solz and th James von Moltke— gh he well understood that self was never actively to to any post-Nazi German gov- . From his monkish suite ward's Lowell House, after ing Euripides in November he wrote:

derstand the Greek dramas easingly well. They afford fine example of accepting a cult fate silently and with dig- . . . I no longer see much bility of changing my life or ing the nations escape the which I have seen coming years

Brüning that emerges from documents is immensely inde- [illegible] ill was one of the few British men with whom he had a cer- rapport before the war. He d nothing of Neville Cham- business mentality and did e his displeasure with "the people from the Times" for their shabby treatment of Norman Ebbutt, who had so candidly reported from Berlin about the Nazi danger, and for the paper's "infamous leader" of September 7, 1938, on the Sudeten crisis. "Unsteady" as Churchill appeared to him, he also seemed both tough and capable of coming to his senses and giving the masses imaginative leadership. However, Brüning cut off his relations with him abruptly in September 1938, because a previous encounter between the two had been publicized by Duncan Sandys in violation of a mutual agreement on secrecy. When Brüning sailed from Southampton a few days later he registered his "hatred" for England and the "bigoted" London society: "the time will come when they will openly keep me out in order not to ruin relations with the Nazis."

At the same time Brüning left no doubt but that the *Wehrmacht*, on which he had pinned his hopes for resistance to "Nazi megalomania", had lost its backbone since General Ludwig Beck's "resignation". And again he had no praise for "the new Pope" whom he saw as a "captive of the Vatican" and committed to a pro-Nazi course. Finally, among American statesmen Brüning had a good understanding with Cordell Hull and Henry L. Stimson, both opponents of the Morgenthau Plan. But of his own accord he stayed away from Washington, whose political climate he disliked. There is little evidence in this skilfully edited volume of Brüning's manifest bitterness over "unconditional surrender" and the Allied bombing of German cities, which much coloured his views; this omission raises the inevitable question as to exactly what criteria were used in selecting material for this collection.

Prevented by fate as well as pride from active involvement in public affairs, Professor Brüning devoted himself intensely to the problems of twentieth-century democracy. A haunted man, he moved from one university to another, presenting variations on this same theme. His critics will undoubtedly find ammunition there, for instance in his plea for stronger leadership in democracies, in his ludicrous insistence that the survival of the British Empire depended on the "restriction of personal freedoms and of the traditional rights of Parliament" and in his suggestion that the leadership in a postwar Germany could be taken over "only by men who now [April 1943] are filling responsible administrative positions". On balance, however, he was keenly aware of the fundamental differences between the Anglo-Saxon democracies which he looked up to and all others which, he thought, needed urgent reforms lest they give way to totalitarian dictatorships. In the light of a survey of the political scene in the mid-1970s his speculations might appear as not altogether meaningless.

In the TLS of February 26, 1971, Brüning was labelled a "pathfinder for Hitler". No charge is more unjust and absurd. There is as little evidence for it in his deeds as in his thinking. And the "appalling frankness" which seems to come to us *d'outre tombe* reveals the statesman-turned-political scientist making the inevitably tortured *apologia pro vita sua*. We stand to learn from the questions he asked more than from his answers, since his models come clearly from a time past. But Heinrich Brüning, so his writings demonstrate, was for better or worse a true knight and a faithful clerk.

Burned with pride

By Peter Labanyi

WOLFGANG DIETZ and HELMUT F. PFANNER (Editors):

Oskar Maria Graf: Beschreibung eines Volksschriftstellers

222pp. Munich: Annedore Leber. DM 22.

The Bavarian novelist Oskar Maria Graf—"I don't write for critics, fellow writers and intellectuals, but for the people"—is perhaps best known for his autobiographical account of his early years, *Wir sind Gefangene*, admired by Hofmannsthal and Romain Rolland and described by Thomas Mann as "unforgettable". He was closely associated in Munich with Gustav Landauer and Erich Mühsam and their mystical utopian anarchism; his main intellectual influences were Stirner, Proudhon, Tolstoy and Kropotkin.

A staunch pacifist, he became a conscientious objector in 1915; after ten days' hunger strike he was put into a lunatic asylum. When the Bavarian Revolution came in 1918 he supported a general strike but spoke against terror and violence: he was always a socialist by virtue of an emotional belief in the brotherhood of man rather than out of ideological conviction. Appropriately, his literary beginnings were in Expressionism; but his chief mentor was the provincial novelist Gotthelf. After Hitler's seizure of power he fled to Vienna, from where he sent his famous letter of protest which appeared in newspapers all over the world. "Burn Me!" expresses Graf's outrage that only one of his books was on the Nazi index and demands that all his works be burnt—they were, in a special ceremony. In 1934 he attended the international writers' congress in Moscow, where he met Gorky and became friendly with Tretyakov; then he moved to Czechoslovakia until, in 1938, he finally left for the United States, where he died in 1967. This memorial volume contains speeches and articles by Graf (some collected for the first time), reminiscences by friends, and articles on his life and works by, among others, Klaus Schröter, Walter Huder and Paul Michael Lützeler (on Graf and the Munich Revolution).

After an avalanche of Marxist critiques of every aspect of the communication industries, we now have the view from the right centre. In *Der Angeklagte Verleger* (222pp. Munich: Annedore Leber. DM 8.) Gerd Bucerius, proprietor of the liberal weekly *Die Zeit* and former CDU deputy, nails his colours to the conservative mast—as he says, the (editorial) freedom of the press is a political issue. Unremittingly hostile to the media-theoreticians, he scoffs at "manipulation" and believes that—thanks to market research—supply is based on demand and the public gets exactly what it wants (or deserves). He reminds us that newspapers are totally dependent on economics, but denies the tyranny of advertisers. For him the real threat to a free press—and to Germany—comes from the growing power of the trade unions.

Kritische Studien zur Geschichtswissenschaft

Sozialgeschichte Heute
Festschrift für Hans Rosenberg zum 70. Geburtstag. 36 Beiträge. Herausgegeben von Hans-Ulrich Wehler.
1974. 669 Seiten, Paperback DM 92,–

Organisierter Kapitalismus
Voraussetzungen und Anfänge.
Mit Beiträgen von Gerald D. Feldman, Gerd Hardach, Jürgen Kocka, Charles S. Maier, Hans Medick, Hans-Jürgen Puhle, Volker Sellin, Hans-Ulrich Wehler, Bernd-Jürgen Wendt, Heinrich August Winkler. Herausgegeben von Heinrich August Winkler.
1974. 223 Seiten, Paperback DM 24,–

Jürgen Kocka
Klassengesellschaft im Krieg
Deutsche Sozialgeschichte 1914–1918.
1973. X, 230 Seiten, Paperback DM 24,–

Hans-Ulrich Wehler
Der Aufstieg des amerikanischen Imperialismus
Studien zur Entwicklung des Imperium Americanum 1865–1900.
1974. 426 Seiten, Paperback DM 49,–

Wolfgang Köllmann
Bevölkerung in der industriellen Revolution
Studien zur Bevölkerungsgeschichte Deutschlands im 19. Jahrhundert.
1974. 286 Seiten mit zahlreichen Schaubildern und Tabellen, Paperback DM 48,–

Deutsche Geschichte
in 10 Bänden
Herausgegeben von Joachim Leuschner.
Es sind erschienen:

Josef Fleckenstein
Grundlagen und Beginn der deutschen Geschichte
1974. 240 Seiten, kartoniert DM 14,80

Hans-Ulrich Wehler
Das Deutsche Kaiserreich 1871–1918
1973. 272 Seiten, kartoniert DM 14,80

Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht
in Göttingen und Zürich

Hitler's divided rivals

By A. J. Nicholls

GEOFFREY PRIDHAM:
Hitler's Rise to Power
The Nazi Movement in Bavaria 1923-1933
380pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £4.95.

KLAUS SCHÖNHOVEN:
Die Bayerische Volkspartei 1924-1932
305pp. Düsseldorf: Droste. DM 54.

DIETRICH ORLOW:
The History of the Nazi Party
Volume II: 1933-45
538pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £5.95.

As the wave of publications about Hitler rolls on around us it is important that serious works of scholarship which relate to German fascism should not be allowed to pass unnoticed in the flood. All these three books are genuine attempts to increase our knowledge of German politics before or after Hitler's accession to power: none of them is earth-shattering in importance, but each has something of value to contribute. The worst things about Geoffrey Pridham's study of the Nazi Party in Bavaria are its inadequate map and its grandiose title, which may be ignored. The subtitle gives the proper description of its subject, and this is important enough to stand by itself.

One method of making progress in our understanding of National Socialism is to scrutinize the grass-roots appeal of Hitler's movement and its effects on various sections of German society. Some progress has already been made in this direction; one thinks of the works on Schleswig-Holstein by R. Heberle, on Brunswick by E. A. Roloff, on "Thalburg" by W. S. Allen and, most recently, on Lower Saxony by Jeremy Noakes. Dr Pridham's book discusses an important region about which there is still too little monograph material. Bavaria was, of course, the birthplace of Hitler's party, and its headquarters remained in Munich even after the failure of the putsch in November 1923. Hitler's control over this Bavarian organization helped him to establish his mastery over the racialist movement throughout Germany in the 1920s. Many of his lieutenants earned their spurs in the party's early struggles which culminated in the 1923 putsch. Even as late as 1928 the Nazi Party received a larger proportion of votes in Bavaria than anywhere else in the country.

Yet, when Hitler's movement broke through to power during the depression years, Bavaria proved less vulnerable to his appeal than many other parts of Germany. The Nazis did not become the largest party in Bavaria until the Reichstag elections of March 1933, and even then their share of the vote was lower than average. The Land government in Bavaria had to be removed by force and intimidation. Dr Pridham shows that the Nazis were indeed able to make great strides in Bavaria during the period 1929-33, but that it was above all the religious composition of Bavarian society which robbed them of success. The Nazis did best in Bavarian provinces with large Protestant populations, or among Protestant minorities in Roman Catholic districts.

This was partly due to the weakness of those political organizations which appealed to Bavaria's Protestant population. Divided and demoralized, these groups could not lavish the same attention on provincial voters which the Nazis were prepared to give them. One of the key figures in the development of the Nazi movement is the völkisch activist: nearly always young, hungry for work and acclaim, and willing to devote his energies to party activity in the most fanatical way. It was the foundation laid by such men which enabled Hitler to exploit Germany's economic difficulties in the period 1930-33.

Of great importance was the creation of the National Socialist speakers' training school at Herrsching near Munich. Using a mixture of correspondence courses and residential training, it had produced 2,300 graduates by the winter of 1930, and by the time Hitler came to power about 6,000 Nazi propagandists had been schooled in this fashion.

As in other parts of Germany the Nazi Party in Bavaria began in the winter of 1929-30 to concentrate its efforts on rural areas. Hitherto Nazi support had been drawn from urban communities—though these included a high proportion of provincial towns which had close economic ties with the countryside. Farmers had not previously been strongly represented among the Nazis. The new rural campaign was designed to spread Hitler's message to the countryside itself. The number of agricultural "experts" in the provincial organizations of the party was increased. A personal approach was adopted towards farmers who, it was felt, might be less accessible to the more conventional type of political activity. Darré's Agrarpolitischer Apparat was the dynamo behind these operations, and his agrarian programme, published in March 1930, encapsulated the Nazi appeal to the farmer.

There was nothing particularly novel in Nazi agrarian policy; what was new was the gravity of the crisis facing German farmers and the small towns which serviced them, on the one hand, and the intensity of the Nazi appeal to the rural community, on the other. Agrarian discontent at low prices, high interest rates and high taxes was already at boiling-point before the American stock-market crash heralded the world depression. At a farmers' protest rally in Kempten in Lower Franconia early in 1929 it was noted that "the name of Mussolini was taken up with enormous enthusiasm". Existing farmers' associations seemed too lethargic to express their members' desperation adequately, and the Nazis were able to trade on the supposed ineptitude of the "Bonzen" in the old organizations which contrasted so sharply with their own reckless energy.

In Bavaria, as elsewhere, the character of the NSDAP as a movement rather than a conventional political party gave it an appeal in provincial areas where Nazi rallies were something of an event, with SA parades, bands and rhetorical tirades which combined political propaganda with scurrilous gossip. Gauleiter Schemm in Upper Franconia seems to have been especially skilled at exploiting the entertainment value of his propaganda forays into the countryside.

The success of this appeal to the farmers and the provincial middle class was demonstrated in the years 1929-33. Many Roman Catholics as well as Protestants were won over to the Nazis, especially the young and the previously apolitical. Nevertheless, Dr Pridham clearly demonstrates the relative disinclination of Roman Catholic communities to accept National Socialism. The reasons for this lay in the combined power of Roman Catholic religious, social and political organizations. Just as a Social Democratic worker was likely to belong to a socialist-led trade union and to recreational bodies associated with the Social Democratic movement, so the Roman Catholic farmer would find his church reinforced by an economic pressure group—the Bavarian Christian Farmers' Association—and a political party in the shape of the Bayerische Volkspartei. All these bodies distrusted the Nazis and were at pains to protect their members against them. The fact that the BVP wielded government authority in Bavaria and used this to inhibit Nazi activity in a number of ways also helped to open a rift between organized Bavarian Catholicism and Hitler's movement. In Protestant Germany, on the other hand, regional or municipal coalitions between middle-class parties and the Nazis were quite common and always worked to the advantage of the latter.

The Bavarian church hierarchy issued warnings against the anti-clerical character of the Nazi party, even though it tended to make an artificial distinction between Nazi "cultural" objectives—which were deplored—and Nazi political aims, to which little objection was taken. It should not be thought, however, that opposition to Hitler by Bavaria's Roman Catholic leadership implied any enthusiasm for republican institutions or parliamentary democracy. On the contrary, Cardinal Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, was notorious for his condemnation of the 1918 revolution as perjury and treason. The BVP itself was never fully committed to the republican regime in Germany; before 1923 it encouraged Bavarian governments to resist republican authority. Even in the era of stability which followed, schemes of federal reform emanating from Bavaria seemed to imply a substantial watering-down of parliamentary authority. As Dr Schönhoven points out in his history of the BVP, the party's leadership was always eager to collaborate with the anti-republican German Nationalists and shunned the Social Democrats. When in 1924 the parliamentary leader of the party, Heinrich Held, was finally persuaded to assume responsibility as head of a Bavarian cabinet, his government's programme stated that its "first task is . . . to overcome the revolution of 1918". The BVP supported the Protestant Hindenburg against the Roman Catholic Centre Party's candidate Wilhelm Marx in the 1925 presidential elections. Dr Schönhoven rightly comments that there was nothing very surprising about this decision, since for the BVP hostility to the *Parteihader* of Weimar was of greater importance than confessional solidarity.

The BVP thus exemplified the divisions between Hitler's opponents which made effective resistance to him so difficult. The results of this disunity are well set out by Dr Pridham. Bavaria's identity as a Land, which the BVP had jealously guarded, was trampled underfoot by SA men who did not hesitate to manhandle "respectable" Bavarian cabinet ministers at the same time as they were attacking the Social Democratic press and the offices of the trade union movement.

It was during this *Machtergreifung* period that it became clear that the Nazi movement was not just a stage army manipulated by Hitler, but had a momentum of its own which could determine events. No matter how remarkable Hitler's demagogy was, his personality alone could not have raised him to supreme power in Germany. One of the pillars which supported him was the administrative machinery of the Nazi Party itself. Dietrich Orlow has made a special study of this aspect of National Socialism, and his work has culminated in a two-volume history of the Nazi Party. [The first volume, covering the period 1919-1933, was reviewed in the *TLS* on February 1, 1974.] In the second volume he considers the development of the party's administrative machinery during the Third Reich itself.

This is a difficult undertaking because the whole raison d'être of the NSDAP changed considerably once it was in power. Leading members of the party scrambled for lucrative posts in government or municipal affairs. Those of Hitler's paladins who gained most influence in the Third Reich were the ones who managed to combine party status with ministerial or quasi-ministerial power. There had always been rivalries between various "empires" within the Nazi movement—the SA was an obvious case in point—but with the resources of the state at their command, vast new empire-building possibilities opened up for men like Göring, Goebbels and Ley. The party organization was incapable of exercising effective control over such developments. At the same time, the *Machtergreifung* brought with it an enormous increase in party membership. By 1935 the NSDAP had about 2.5 million members. This included a disproportionately large number of civil servants, most of whom had joined after January 1933. The devotion—or, in Nazi terms, the fanaticism—of such converts was naturally open to question. Hence the party seemed in danger both of losing its former dynamism and of fulfilling no significant function in the society of the Third Reich.

Dr Orlow shows that the NSDAP was never really able to overcome this difficulty. The routine and boring character of party life, for much of the prewar period at least, is striking, and it was hardly surprising that the Nazis found great difficulty in attracting administrative talent into the ranks of their officials. Corruption was widespread; in 1935 2,350 embezzlement cases were uncovered involving more than one million Reichmarks.

Nevertheless the NSDAP should not simply be written off as of no account. Even if its power could not for a moment be compared w of the Communist Party in the Union, it was influential local and in national affai Orlow points out that in 19 law regulating local governm the NSDAP considerable r supervision over mayoral a and communal expenditure higher level the party, repre by the deputy Führer, Rudolf exercised veto powers over cratic appointments; even sters like Frick tried to resi encroachments on their prero Hess's office does seem to exerted quite a lot of effecti sure to resist appointments ous to the Nazis on ideo grounds. The Nuremberg against the Jews also gave the a chance to display its ea winkling out non-Aryans who attempt to evade the rigours legislation. Hess's office was the task of considering appli for special treatment over su ters as mixed marriages, and titude to such appeals was p ably harsh.

When, in the autumn of Hitler saw the chance had co embark on an aggressive l policy, the Nazi Party was to prepare itself for special in newly occupied territories. organization took special pa build up Nazi cadres for Austria after the Anschluss. on, the same technique was u preparations for the seizu Czech territory, while the NS agrarian experts began plannin future colonization of the Uk Once the war was in progress NSDAP—whose functionaries largely spared from military s —was given the task of mainta civilian morale, and it was in ing and giving pep-talks th party found its most congenial ity. As the tides of war t against Germany, the party a increased its power vis-à-vis officials. Financially it ende war with a healthy financia plus, carefully garnered by its culous treasurer, Franz Sch

At the end of it all, he one is still left wondering wh NSDAP really amounted to in of political power or social It is understandable that Dr should discuss the party's administrative machinery at l but the fact remains tha NSDAP could not impose eff "totalitarian" authority even own regional organization, le the other "empires" of the Reich. For this reason some struggles and triumphs reco in Dr Orlow's book seem a academic. In his anxiety to ment the administrative side party Dr Orlow touches on bu not really tackle the more i ant issues. What exactly wa Nazi Party's role in society Hitler came to power? How im ant were the various party tionaries vis-à-vis the bureaucratic elites? What wa party's relationship to National Socialist empires lik SS or the Reich Propaganda try? For answers to these que we must look elsewhere.

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Course set for Jutland

PETER PADFIELD:
The Great Naval Race
The Anglo-German Naval Rivalry, 1900-1914
382pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £5.75.

Since the publication of E. L. Woodward's *Great Britain and the German Navy* in 1935, much new material on the German navy, particularly from the German official archives, has appeared. Fritz Fischer's *Germany's Aims in the First World War* and the controversies it has aroused are widely known, but equally significant reinterpretations of the naval side have attracted less attention. It is the great virtue of *The Great Naval Race* that it makes the fruits of this specialized research available to students and general readers not strongly drawn to specialized maritime history.

Arthur Marder's magisterial series of works covering British naval policy and warfare from 1880 to 1918 has contributed a new degree of critical understanding. A similarly deepened interpretation of the rise and fall of Tirpitz's navy has come from the cumulative work of a series of scholars. Jonathan Steinberg's *Yesterday's Deterrent* (1965) has been reinforced and extended by a series of specialized works, based mainly on the newly accessible naval archives as well as Tirpitz's own papers, among which the writings of Volker Berghan and Paul Kennedy are particularly significant. Peter Padfield is honest and generous in acknowledging his debt to them and other specialists, and they in turn have reason to be grateful to him for the narrative skill and balanced judgment he has brought to his synthesis.

Mr Padfield is, however, much more than a skilled popularizer. He has his own specialized contribution to make on the development of the battleship, especially its gunnery equipment. His expertise has already been displayed in his biography of Admiral Sir Percy Scott and, more recently, in *The Battleship Era*. This gives additional authority to his stringent criticism of Tirpitz's policies. He describes the Grand Admiral as having been "not only out-built but out-thought and out-designed". He firmly demolishes what he believes to be the myth of the German navy's technical superiority based on a superficial evaluation of Jutland.

This denunciation summarizes Mr Padfield's interpretation. The incoherence and contradictions of Germany's naval policy were reflections of identical weaknesses in her imperial structure. The character of the Emperor, the strains within the political and social system, and inability to foresee other na reactions produced a fleet u even to save Germany from in a war which its very creatio made it impossible for her to decisively. It was just co able that, in alliance Austria, she could have at achieved stalemate with Fr and Russia. The naval with Britain, though it did n any simple sense cause the made Germany's destruction ce The inferiority of her High Fleet in numbers and gun combined with the failure to duce any effective plans for it enabled Britain to impose a crippling blockade. Germany's perate response to this, the marine campaign against mer shipping, although verging on cess, finally sealed her doom bringing the United States int war.

Mr Padfield sees this as na self-destruction by political naval policies which were a same time provocative and in tive. By contrast, he shows Bri diplomatic and naval policies favourable a light. There were failures here, which he tends to down. This might have been av if he had been able to include dock Mackay's recent *Fishe Kilverstone* in his extensive re

oming in from the cold

S TOMLINSON :
In
ford University Press.
£1.25.

CE SAIL :
Views
st. Paperback, 95p.

N MILLER, ELIZABETH
and KIT WRIGHT :
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atto and Windus. Paper-
25.

Tomlinson's supporters and s seem to agree about the istics of his poetry: "severe", "pure", "a perceptions"—the force of escriptive labels depends on the standpoint of the er. The convinced see the ated vision of detached exact apprehensions, the ious play of a formidable ence. The unconvinced see a prosy, drearily analytical of brush-and-scalpel exer- bleak landscape of aes- ibbles. The virtual absence n beings (apart from a few and a few historical figures) elously original to one frigid and repellent to "Contemplative" becomes "; and "precious" is a at cuts two ways.

s an old and unfair trick t a passage of verse as if it prose, so as to demon- hat the trickster thinks of ertia of the verse. To play me is probably doubly un- Mr Tomlinson, who lays out ms in such a way that their patterning is clear on the Nevertheless:

admire the first for its siveness, the second se we can understand it— re-create its circumstances, share (if not the presupposi-) the aura of the civilities unding it. The other, in at any rate, of violence es us more nearly.

s part of "Le Musée Ima- ", a poem from Mr Tomlin- *Peopled Landscape* (1963). ld fit quite unexceptionably almost any old Third Pro- talk on "Looking at Paint- (the subject is in fact "An sacrifice/beside the head of "). The perceptions are calm, intelligent, but also flat, and arbitrary.

Tomlinsonians may well find *The Way In* a more congenial volume than any so far, for one cannot play such tricks with, or make such comments on, most of the poems contained in it. For almost the first time, too, he has allowed himself a sense of humour—not exactly the sort that makes one fall about on the floor, but at least of a wry kind capable of smiling ruefully at real streets, real people, and something one supposes is a real Charles Tomlinson. Stoke-on-Trent (Mr Tomlinson's early landscape) sometimes almost looks, in this guise, as if it weren't a thousand miles from D. J. Enright's Leamington in *The Terrible Shears*. In a poem called "Class", he opines that his "midland *a*'s" once cost him a job. In another, "The Rich", he agrees with Hemingway that:

they so resemble the rest
of us, except for their money.

And in another, "Etruria Vale", he begins with the arresting observation:

Nineteen-thirty, our window had for view
The biggest gasometer in England.

All these are from the first section of the book, grouped together as "Manscapes". Elsewhere there are landscape studies where the people are less in the foreground, but even these are more richly and interestingly delineated than before. Towards the end of the book, in "Beethoven Attends the C Minor Seminar", Mr Tomlinson suddenly puts on a bravura display, rather reminiscent of Peter Porter, in which a new satirical voice is heard:

That was the day they invited
Ludmilla Quatsch, the queen of the sleevenote.
Her works cannot be quoted
Without permission. I shall not quote.

Altogether this is a volume to hearten and surprise the non-Tomlinsonians among us. One feels like saying: "Welcome back to the human race, Mr Tomlinson." What the old admirers will make of it is another matter.

Lawrence Sail's *Opposite Views* is a first book, and an assured and attractive one, if a bit low-pressured. Domestic and family observations and musings are varied with some science-fiction, some thoughtful vignettes of abroad (chiefly Kenya, in "Expatriate Teacher" and "After Independence"), and some gentle satire (in "Guidelines" and "Consumer Poems"). Mr Sail is a traditional craftsman, rather too inclined to moralize, with the sort of talent that seems to work best over extended passages rather than impressing with individual phrases and lines. What he is best at is the gradual meaning (often the menace) that unwinds itself behind ordinary things, as in "Fisherman", which needs to be quoted in full:

Out past the twinkling land there rides a craft,
Hove to and steeply rocking in the sea.
One barely glimpsed, at paying out the nets
Which all his life have been his life, reflects
How many nights like this one have washed oft
As silently as tides flood in and flee.
But as he reaches to clear the tarry strands
He sees the water, black beyond his hands
And pauses. Rough hands grasping at his own
Pull steadily, not inwards now but down.

The compression of that poem, almost a telescoped sonnet, is something that Mr Sail ought to aim for more often. Too many of the poems over-extend themselves ("Curriculum Vitae" and "A Ruined House" are examples), and become faint and plodding homiletic exercises, a long way after Larkin.

A new Chatto and Windus series, "Treble Poets", sets out to "present in book form a sizable representation of the work of poets who have not as yet published collections of their own". The first volume has a good deal more sprightliness than one had come to expect from the Chatto "Phoenix Living Poets". Stephen Miller, an American, is good at light whimsical essays into Stevie Smith country, though without her oddly haunting rhythms or her dark obsessions. Saint Sebastian, Cassandra, Orpheus and Lot's wife occasion droll fancies: the danger in some of the poems is that the fancies exude too much would-be charm. But Mr Miller is a quirkily entertaining writer. So are Elizabeth Maslen and Kit Wright (in fact this is an almost disturbingly unified volume, so that one feels almost any of the poems could have been written by the others), but Miss Maslen seems to have more real feeling and less verbal and rhythmical control, while Mr Wright's strength is a sardonic lyricism (as in "The Field Researchers") and an eye for the ridiculous (as in his poem on being very tall, "Cold Up Here").

rom Old English to Lydgate

IA GRADON :
and Style in Early English
ture
Methuen. University Paper-
£2.90.

a Gradon's *Form and Style in English Literature* is an im- contribution to the critical m of medieval literature, and earance in paperback should it better known among stu- The scope of the book is including not only the early literature of the rather mis- title—it includes "early" s from Old English to Lydgate also writings in Latin, French alian. Its six chapters cover ad topics: modes of writing, allegory, romance and real- eneral features of medieval , such as literary structure the use of "conventions" or y echoes; and the stylistic er of a particular chronolo- period, the "Renaissance " of the late fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in England.

book is unified by an interest terns of style, in the shifting ships between the image object of apperception") and meaning of a text (its "per- relationships and structure"). different relationships between and meaning determine the ce between naturalistic and ralistic art, and exploration helps to clear away the reader's dislike of the latter e". Besides outlining this ch, the introduction briefly shes some concepts and categories to be used in the following chapters: Dr Gradon draws attention to the various ways of focusing on a subject, by manipulating syntax, by the generality or particularity of reference, or by the use of point of view ("telling" or "showing"); to the possibility of exploiting lexical sets to achieve a close or loose texture in poetry, and to the use of words of different semantic depth to create or dissipate impact.

Dr Gradon's debt to modern linguistic studies is acknowledged in the copious footnotes. A short glossary of the critical terms involved is provided at the end of the book, but its usefulness is reduced by the lack of page references; the definitions in themselves mean little without the context in which they are distinguished and explained. However, the way in which these terms are brought to bear on medieval literature yields many exciting results, both in the introduction, and, for example, in the comments of the final chapter on the lyrics of Charles of Orleans, and the development of aureate diction in late medieval style. It is therefore a pity that in the intervening chapters they tend to disappear from the discussion for long stretches. This is particularly so in the chapter on literary structures, which discusses the way that Old and Middle English literature is unified thematically rather than narratively—by "pattern" rather than "plot"; a chapter full of sensible comment, but one where both the method used and its results are less original than those found elsewhere in the book. The freshness of approach is at other times destroyed by the urge to document exhaustively, as in the chapter on literary echoes, where the poem "Quia Amore Langueo" disappears completely behind the piled-up evidence for the tradition of writing on human and spiritual love.

This is regrettable, since it is in particular analysis that the book so often excels, as in the comments on the kind of mood created by the use of the supernatural in *Sir Orfeo* or in Malory, in the chapter on romance, or—in the chapter on medieval realism—the analysis of different versions of the pear-tree story to show the relation between greater particularization and verisimilitude (which are not quite what one would assume). Dr Gradon is at her best in writing of allegory; in the chapter on "The Allegorical Picture" she argues interestingly against the traditional critical opposition of symbolism and allegory, provides detailed and penetrating analyses of various types of allegorical writing, and her criticism of *Piers Plowman* and *The Parlement of Foules* is refreshingly novel in its approach. The final chapter returns to the topic in considering the flatness of late medieval allegory, which abandons not only the vividness, but also the polysemous character of Chaucer and Langland.

The density of argument and of illustration means that this is, for most of the time, a difficult book to read, and there are too many attempts to survey a whole literary tradition in a couple of sentences choked with information. But it is also a book which engages the reader in hard thinking to an unusual degree, and at every stage is rich in material and ideas.

An age of crisis

By A. J. Krailsheimer

I. D. McFARLANE:
A Literary History of France:
Renaissance France 1470-1589
557pp. Benn. £5.50.

YVES GIRAUD and MARC-RENE JUNG:
La Renaissance I, 1480-1548
357pp.

ENEA BALMAS:
La Renaissance II, 1548-1570
296pp plus 61 illustrations.

JACQUES MOREL:
La Renaissance III, 1570-1624
307pp plus 60 illustrations.
Paris: Arthaud. 48fr each.

With the appearance of the middle volumes the trilogy on the Renaissance in Arthaud's *Littérature française* series is now complete, and coincidentally I. D. McFarlane's volume on the same period comes to join Benn's *Literary History of France* series. Neither enterprise has anything to fear from comparison. The French volumes are rather bulky, but with their spacious typography and good illustrations are physically more attractive than the English, which, though usefully compact, is a little cramped and has no pictures. Quantitative comparison is rather misleading, because of different format, but the English volume contains about two-thirds as much text as the three French altogether, and for a shorter period, so that in crudely literal terms it is good value for money.

In a broader sense it soon becomes apparent as one compares the English with the French that both offer excellent value, but in somewhat different currencies. Partly, of course, they are aimed at different reading publics, with different needs arising from differences of national culture, but in a more subtle way they reflect complementary approaches to a period whose great attraction is unfamiliarity and variety, and which poses quite different problems than, say, the well-worn circuits of Louis XIV or the Third Republic.

Leaving aside textbooks primarily devised with examinations in view, one may expect literary histories, especially of less familiar periods, to give a general plan of the terrain, more detailed charts of particularly important areas, preferably accompanied by illustrations in the form of quotations or synopses, and then some guide to further corners for exploration. In his preface Professor McFarlane warns the intending explorer that "one cannot embark seriously on a study of Renaissance France without a competent knowledge of Latin, and to this should be added Italian; nor would some acquaintance with Greek, German and Dutch come amiss . . . a familiarity with the Bible is essential". This may sound like Gargantua writing to Pantagruel about the "abysme de science", but, though it is a little unfair to wonder how many teachers (let alone students) of the Renaissance meet these requirements, within his strictly professional terms of reference Professor McFarlane is unquestionably right.

He is right, too, to stress bibliography so much, even giving the location of rare books, because the original book (or manuscript) is a much more vital factor in Renaissance studies than it is in later periods. Similarly his judgments on prose and poetry, ideas and language, are clearcut and technically justified, without falling into pedantry. This, one realizes, is the Humanist approach, demanding effort as the price for enjoyment, and applying to the French the criteria traditionally associated with the Classics.

The French authors give a somewhat different impression. Whereas only Rabelais, Ronsard and Montaigne rate a chapter to themselves in the English volume, no fewer than sixteen individual writers are so treated in the French. Then again their approach is more familiar and conversational, visiting an ancestral estate rather than inspecting someone else's stately home. This is inevitable; even if English students of the French Renaissance could be assumed to know about their own Tudor period (not to speak of the corresponding age in Scotland) they would still have too few landmarks to feel other than alien with the Continental Renaissance, and this makes for problems of presentation.

A full French volume is devoted to just twenty-two years of this long period, with Ronsard and Du Bellay as the only big names, but such disproportion is merely statistical, and does not appear incongruous. The full acceptance of French as a cultural language for the elite, the creation of new standards in poetry and drama, the effect of Reformation and Counter-Reformation, and of a Classical education soon to become normative, all these phenomena are so decisive for the subsequent development of French history and culture as to demand extensive treatment, and analogies and consequences will suggest themselves unbidden to the French reader as they will not to the foreigner. The vast panorama of the Renaissance can only be taken in if the eye focuses quite frequently on individual figures (and it is a great merit of the French series that each volume ends with a section on the main individual writers). Not only giants like Rabelais, Ronsard and Montaigne, but Marguerite, Calvin, d'Aubigné and many others need to be seen in the round.

The third of the French volumes convincingly claims that the final decades of the period constitute a crisis in the strict sense of the word; the dualism between continuity and rupture, paganism and Christianity, and so on, was yet (is yet?) to be resolved, and the savagery of the religious wars is only one symptom of a universal fever. Professor McFarlane puts it in rather more general terms when he speaks of the sixteenth century having much to offer of relevance to our own age. Behind the actual works and writers lies a turbulence affecting most ordinary people. The marked shift in sensibility from Marot to Ronsard remained a minority phenomenon, but the shift in social structure, religious observance, techniques of communication very soon touched the lives of poet and peasant alike. Every generation, every decade throughout the period had to cope with new questions, previously unvoiced, new solutions, previously unimagined. The ample bibliographies in all the volumes show as clearly as one could wish the inextricable links between all human interests and activities in an age when the universal man was an ideal, when everyone tried to do so many things at once, and with passion.

It is no more sensible to divorce life and letters in the Renaissance than in any other age, but because of the sometimes fanatical emphasis laid on letters at the time it is legitimate, and useful, that someone like Professor McFarlane should see the library as the ultimate goal of his attentive reader, while the French writers invite the imagination to dwell more on towns and chateaux, wars and voyages, lovers and mourners as part of a story still continuing, and recorded only in part in books. An age so preoccupied with moral questions admitted no absolute distinction between living and learning. The reader will only gain from using both the English and French volumes as complementary versions of a complex whole.

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The rhythms of Russian

By G. S. Smith

M. L. GASPAROV :

Sovremennyy russkiy stikh : metrika i ritmika

187pp. Moscow : Nauka 1r, 80k.

Sovremennyy russkiy stikh is probably the most important specialist book yet published on the subject of Russian versification. Its direct ancestors are Taranovsky's study of the *Russian binary metres* (1953) and Tomashevsky's *O stikhe* (1929), but M. L. Gasparov surpasses them both in the range of verse types studied, and also complements their descriptions of classical Russian verse by concentrating primarily—but by no means as exclusively as the title's reference to contemporary Russian verse may suggest—on verse written after 1900. In addition, the book's methodology incorporates refinements in statistical techniques of verse analysis that have been developed during the past fifteen years in seminars, especially those of Academician Kolmogorov. Gasparov stands on the shoulders of a number of illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, and gives generous acknowledgement both to them and to less widely recognized figures in the recent history of Russian metrics, whose too often forgotten insights he continually disinters and displays. None the less the vast amount of primary material here, and the assured handling of it, represent an individual research achievement on a gigantic scale — though the book collects by no means all the author's contributions to the subject during the past ten years (and incidentally, he holds his academic post in classical literature, and has made an impressive contribution to this subject with his critical and editorial work and his translations).

Sovremennyy russkiy stikh is by no means a primer and should not be compared with the introductions to the subject by Zhirmunsky, Tomashevsky, Unbegaun, and Kholshevnikov; however, the admirably clear introduction and first chapter will enable diligent readers with no previous knowledge to understand the material that follows. The introduction is not much more than a list of the terms used in the body of the book, each supplied with an economical and precise definition. There follows an historical study of quantitative methods in Russian metrics, leading on to a presentation of the refined and powerful linguistic-statistical method which is demonstrated in action in the rest of the book.

This method, with certain differences of emphasis in the work of various scholars, has become standard in Russian metrics. A sufficient number of verse lines in a given metre are subjected to rhythmical analysis, the categories of analysis being the distribution of word stress and word boundary within the line. The results, normally tabulated as percentages, permit the quantification of the rhythmical fulfilment of the metre and its interpretation in terms of constants, dominants, and tendencies. These empirical data are compared and contrasted with control figures computed on the basis of an analysis of non-metrical texts, which through the application of fairly elementary probability theory can project norms for the incidence of the relevant linguistic features. The comparison of empirical and theoretical figures gives a quantitative basis for assessing what could be called the degree and character of deformation that metrical composition imposes on the language. The method has found its most common application in quantifying individual and period rhythmical styles, and the results demand to be correlated with the semantics of the texts, though work in this direction has so far been very tentative.

The productivity of this method has been fostered by two specifically Russian features, one linguistic and the other of a more generally cultural nature. First, syllables in Russian can reasonably be graded using a simple binary opposition between stress and unstress—though the insufficient subtlety of such a distinction is discussed in Gasparov's book. Secondly, and perhaps more significantly, the Russian verse tradition has been and still is relatively conservative, with metrically regulared forms continuing to account for the majority of verse texts. Russian poets have generally preferred to exploit the potentialities of rhythmical variation within a relatively narrow metrical typology, rather than moving outside metrical forms into less strictly regulated types of verse. This high degree of numerical regulation in the material facilitates the wide application of quantitative techniques of analysis. The relevance of the method to other verse traditions than the Russian, however, has been shown by M. G. Tarlinskaya's work on English versification.

Gasparov is neither the servant nor the blindly enthusiastic evangelist of this method: he continually draws attention to its limitations and shortcomings, and prefers always to err on the side of caution when he moves beyond his statistical data into broader areas of interpretation.

Most of the chapters in the book have been previously published as separate articles, and the form in which two of them appear here is unfortunate. The full-length version of Gasparov's article on the three-ictus *dol'nik* was recognized as a major contribution as soon as it appeared in 1968 and it has already been absorbed into standard knowledge; unfortunately, it reappears here in truncated form. The chapter discussing the *taktovik* in folk verse and its literary imitations is also an abstract, but this time of an article that has not yet appeared—its full text is contained in the long-delayed but eagerly awaited collection *Teoriya stikha 2*. As a result, the book is not as self-contained as it might have been, and the summary style of these two chapters is rather inconsistent with the remainder of the text.

Besides the truncated chapter on the folk *taktovik*, two other chapters contain completely fresh material. One of them presents a pioneering discussion (which Gasparov regards as only exploratory) of the Russian ternary metres, which have so far been neglected while attention has been lavished on the binary metres. This has happened partly because the latter are numerically more prominent in Russian verse of all periods, and partly because they display rhythmical characteristics that are amenable to statistical analysis using fairly uncomplicated categories.

Gasparov's discussion of the ternary metres, which takes up the longest chapter in the book, begins by re-examining these categories. Whereas the rhythmical structures of the binary metres are modelled primarily by the omission of metrical stresses, the ternary metres avoid such omission, and their rhythms are established by the relative weight of the metrical stresses, the disposition of hypermetrical stresses, and what Gasparov calls the "play of word boundaries". A more sensitive notation of stresses than the customary binary opposition is therefore necessary. Gasparov attempts to set up rules for such notation, and applies them in an analysis of texts composed in amphibrachic and anapaestic trimeter. Using additional information about other ternary metres, he arrives at some convincing conclusions about individual rhythmical styles, especially those of Nekrasov and Pasternak.

The last twenty-five pages of this chapter might well have formed a separate chapter, since they risk being overlooked. They contain a tentative re-examination of the binary metres using the revised categories of analysis. The results enable some standard observations to be reformulated with unprecedented subtlety, a specially interesting case being the transition from the "heavy" iambic tetrameter of the late eighteenth century to the "light" version of Pushkin and his contemporaries. Anyone who thought that the story of the classical Russian binary metres had been *told* will reconsider such an opinion after reading this section.

The other major chapter containing fresh material concerns the four-ictus *dol'nik* line. Here again we find the massive marshalling of texts, precise theoretical formulations, clear statistical tables, and crisp conclusions that characterized Gasparov's pioneering analysis of the three-ictus *dol'nik*.

Three of the remaining four chapters appear here substantially in their original form, but with the incorporation of new material. Gasparov reprints his overall metrical typology for Russian verse from the beginnings of the syllabo-tonic system (c 1740) to the late 1960s, and proposes a six-phase historical periodization of Russian verse on metrical grounds. This chapter is followed by an account of the binary metres as used by Soviet poets, rounding off Taranovsky's work; it has been extended chronologically compared with the original article of 1967. It demonstrates, among other things, the continuing operation of rhythmical dissimilation from one literary epoch to another; modern Russian poets have tended to return to some of the preferred rhythmical dominants of the eighteenth century, and turn away from those characteristic of the nineteenth century.

Gasparov includes an expanded version of his 1968 article on the *taktovik* (strict accentual verse) in which he transformed this impressionistic notion into a precisely defined and amply illustrated category standing at the extreme limit of metrical composition and tending to shade off into freer verse types. The penultimate chapter reprints Gasparov's article on Mayakovsky's binary metres with free line length. The final chapter, on Mayakovsky's accentual verse, has been expanded to cover all periods of Mayakovsky's creative life, where the original article terminated at 1917.

This is another systematic discussion of a subject on which there has been a great deal of loose speculation, and is as valuable for its pioneering technique of analysis for free verse as it is for the specific information it contains about Mayakovsky and his contemporaries. Non-specialist readers will be interested by Gasparov's discussion of Mayakovsky's *lesenka* (stepped arrangement of verse lines) and the influence of Andrey Bely on its adoption.

Seen as a whole, the book moves progressively along two axes: from the broadest kind of historical generalization at the level of metre alone towards the discussion of specific rhythmical types in the work of a single poet, and from more strictly to less strictly regulated verse types. The tone and style are throughout uncompromising. Within each chapter, Gasparov moves inexorably from the formulation of his chosen problem to a list of material, to the analysis of this material, and then to his conclusions. The texture of the and the statistical tables rem near to the extreme of conde as comprehensibility will There is no marking time a point; on the contrary, Gas continually points briefly to vistas of research—which, one ally suspects, he has already in gated and written up. The passing doubts and conjectures continually anticipated; what there are in the book's arm there because of limitations of not of the author's awarenes basic and unassailable streng the work stems from the weight of superbly ordered ma it contains, and the metic honesty with which Gasparov all his cards on the table, givi haustive lists of his primary ma and making explicit all the of his argumentation.

Some readers of the book come away with the impression we have here some awesomely cient automaton, for whom source material is a standing c verse lines, to be harv threshed, baled and left obedi standing in ordered rows o devastated field, with the pr grain taken away and dumped where out of sight. But Gas never loses his literary sensi no matter how marginal he make the explicit display of i is aware of the deviation, the cal teaser that refuses to be cisely schematized, and he is in the first and last analysis hypersensitive ear. He avoids a tic or any other kind of evalua though he cannot resist a few steps into the semantic and ps logical dimensions of his mate significantly, he has chosen reprint here his virtuoso ess the semantic associations of al ting dactylic and masculine r

Behind his writing, behind columns of marching figures senses not the indifference to tic and aesthetic dimension which he has often been acc but, on the contrary, a consi that the primary material is so ous that only the most scrup and objective formal analy worthy of contributing a p first stage towards some ideal of complete understandi

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Belinsky and his heirs

By Richard Freeborn

VICTOR TERRAS :

Belinskij and Russian Literary Criticism

The Heritage of Organic Aesthetics

305pp. The University of Wisconsin Press (AUPG). £8.40.

Apart from the study by Herbert Bowman (1954), there had been no comprehensive monograph in English on Belinsky as a literary critic until Victor Terras's work. In 1972 a work in German by Sigurd Fasting explored the evolution of Belinsky's view of literature up to 1841. Why should there be this apparently increasing interest in Belinsky as a literary critic? He was frequently inconsistent, dogmatic, diffuse, incautious and sometimes plain silly in his judgments. One has to set against this his ferocious, at times blind, dedication to Russian literature and its function as life's mirror and matrix.

In Soviet criticism his words have been treated as a kind of holy writ, to be quoted indiscriminately in justification of shifts and vagaries in the party line. With the exception of V. S. Nechayeva, Soviet students of Belinsky have not generally admitted his indebtedness to German and French thought. He has been transformed into a home-grown "progressive" shorn of eccentricities and quirks. Belinsky the man and critic, is, however, never likely to be satisfactorily squeezed into a conformist interpretation. That his influence and vitality as a critic are still to be felt today is amply demonstrated by Professor Terras's study.

The principal merits of *Belinskij and Russian Literary Criticism* are its flair and its scope. It is crowded with information and thick with footnotes. Its flair is discernible in its treatment of Belinsky's criticism as a comprehensive whole, although the bass tones of the term "organic" reverberate rather too persistently and teutonically throughout. Only once does the full implication of Professor Terras's approach emerge clearly from his pages:

> Belinskij's conception of the polarity inherent in the work of art is quite different from that of modern structuralism, which treats the work of art in terms of material (acoustic, visual, verbal) and structure (imparted to it by the artist). Belinskij's polarity is the organicist one of an incorporeal idea versus its incarnate image.

Though "organic" is explained elsewhere, and the opposition of the Formalists to the legacy of Belinsky is expounded in a couple of pages towards the end, one of Professor Terras's primary objects is to relate Belinsky's achievement as a critic to those who came after him, chiefly the "left-wing critics", as they are called, and ultimately to Soviet criticism. In this respect Professor Terras performs a valuable service. He shows both how valuable "organic" criticism can be and how readily it can be distorted to serve extra-literary ends. Yet he also points up, if only obliquely, how arid and self-defeating structuralism per se can be (his own recent study of the young Dostoevsky showed the value of these approaches in combination). Both approaches have political implications, no matter how strongly the structuralists may plead the "scientific" nature of their cause. There is no harm in reminding ourselves from time to time that literature is about life and literary criticism is about the life of literature.

The bulk of Professor Terras's work is given to an extensive examination of Belinsky's evolution as a critic. It discusses in an orthodox way the critic's idiosyncrasies and his ideological development, the sources of his aesthetics, his interpretation—or misinterpretation—of Hegel and his final debt to the utopian socialists. There follows a chapter devoted to Belinsky's treatment of art in relation to objective reality which rehearses such matters as his view of art and nationality and art and society. The essence of his greatness as a is finely revealed in two c chapters entitled "The Wor Art" and "The Artist". These vide the most sustained stu Belinsky's contribution to Ru literary criticism available English. The summary of Beli heritage offered at the beginni the final chapter is masterly.

Students and teachers alike be in Professor Terras's debt many years. As a piece of sch exposition, his study of Belins admirable. He may have ove the emphasis on "organicism" the inconsistencies in Beli work, but he has given a persp to Belinsky's seminal rol Russian literary criticism whi previous study has attempted.

Richard Freeborn is Profess Russian at the School of Sla Studies in London.

Of twentieth-century art's challenging movements, Constr ism has remained an under mented enigma. Until *The tion of Constructivism*, edite Stephen Bann (334pp. Thames Hudson, £3.75, paperback £ its Russian sources were glim only tantalizingly. Western tural propagandists like Theo Doesburg get misplaced credi what the Russian graphic Alexei Gan called "a phenom of our age" which specif "arose in 1920 amid the action' leftist painters and i gists". International Futuris clared war on Art; the Russian lin and Rodchenko dedicated constructive skills to revoluti materialist culture. But the me that reached the West was not ideological art but of an 'aest victory. After the Russian ment faded under Stalin, We Constructivism remained apol Through editing *Form*, Dr Bo enviably familiar with all the ces: John Bowlt's translations the Russian, among others, are lent, and the book, though illustrated, is appropriately sty

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The scattered legacy of Byzantium

Dumbarton Oaks Papers

Number Twenty-Seven

339pp. Washington, DC: Dumbarton Oaks Center for Byzantine Studies.

Dumbarton Oaks Sym- gue "young medieval . . . an opportunity to their work", and *DOP* 27 ably lively papers from Kleinbauer tackles the isled tetraconch churches East (overlooking one at n-Fatsa). He concludes of Syria and Mesopo- re largely intended as (rather than "martyria") Antioch emerged as a ce in the late fifth century, claim that Constantine's urch there is their proto- special pleading, for it o have been a galleried n.

Mathews examines a later tetraconch: the Panagia sa on Heybeli, which now easily in the yard of the Naval Academy. He places vaguely in the eleventh so that this modest and ilding becomes the earliest tetraconch and "church ches" in Constantinople, que example of both these plans in a single monu- Cyril Mango adds evidence ikes's Church of Christ of ke Gate (*c* 972) and Con- IX's St George of the Man- y well be transmitters of the plan. Both Mango and argue Armenian origins for bined plans of the ssa, but more solid proofs ould be welcome, for from ed two series of Middle churches of great

me spirit, Penelope Mayo the convoluted allegory Lambert of St Omer's *lmarum* and other vege- his *Liber Floridus*; often considered "a futile exercise at bush tactics"; her exegesis makes sense. George Majeska describes the Hagia Sophia through the eyes of Russian pilgrims. Far from its splendid austerity of the sixth century and today, the aisles of the late Byzantine church were cluttered with oratories, reliquaries, Abraham's table, hanging icons and an enigmatic iron bed; the positions of some can be determined by floor wear. Margaret Frazer examines the eight great Byzantine bronze doors in Italy in theological terms.

The final paper from the symposium is an important study of the saintly Patriarch Athanasius of Constantinople, whose voluminous correspondence she is editing. The scourge of bishops reluctant to leave warm Constantinople for their Turk-held sees, of clergy of the Hagia Sophia who went on strike, of lax monks and other seekers of a quiet life, and of those seduced by papists and Arsenites, Athanasius grimly prepared for his deposition in 1293 by hiding an anathema on his enemies in the Hagia Sophia. Once found, it could only be revoked by himself as patriarch. They had to reinstate him.

Among other articles, Ernst Kitzinger re-examines Budde's report on the great Samson floor at Mopsuestia, a sort of mosaic roll, and its relevance to the form of the Joshua Roll, widely regarded as "a new creation of the tenth century". The Samson mosaic suggests that "the Joshua Roll may well be based on a model in scroll form harking back to" the fourth/fifth centuries. Michael Jeffreys's article is particularly interesting. After a judicious assessment of Milman Parry's work on formulaic poetry, he takes a late Byzantine sample: the Chronicle of the Morea, with the Alexander poem (a literary creation) as a control. Sure enough, the punched cards come up with only three "formulaic" repetitions in Alexander, but sixty-three in the verse Chronicle. Thus the Chronicle must be considered as "a mediocre though original epic, rather than a poorly translated work of history". Mr Jeffreys is honest about the suppositions inevitable in this argument, but may be a touch ingenuous about what constitutes a formula. Of the sixty-three, twenty-one are names or titles ("The doge of Venice", "The castle of Monemvasia", or "The Grand Domestic", which is counted in two versions), and about twenty-three are more-or-less inescapable phrases, such as "a certain so-and-so", which fill the requirements of "political" verse, whether sung or written.

There seem to be two problems here. In, say a poem on London, should forms such as "The Tower of London", or "The Army and Navy Stores" be called formulas and, if the poem is therefore classified as formulaic, does it prove that its origins are oral rather than literary? More distinctive formulas in the Chronicle would have bolstered the argument. Jeffreys's approach is stimulating and important, but the pitfalls are Homeric.

David Wright shows that the miniatures of the Rabbula Gospels are in the right order and to be dated, with the text, to 586. Herbert Kessler discusses Paris Manuscript Gr 102 and the Byzantine tradition of illustrations of the Acts of the Apostles. David Pingree publishes "a circular horoscope that can be dated about an hour before dawn of 2 September 905". It is of Constantine Porphyrogenitus himself. It is a baffling document. That most of its predictions proved wrong is somehow reassuring, evidence even of authenticity, but "it proves that the traditional physical description of Constantine VII . . is in part based on the astrologer's report".

There are three field reports. Martin Harrison retrieves a capital of St Polyeuctus from Barcelona (how did it get there?) and Ernest Hawkins and Marlia Mundell publish, probably just in time, the mosaic of 512 in the Jacobite monastery near Kartmin. But perhaps the most important contribution in *DOP* 27 is the fruit of several years' work on monastic sites round Trilye and Kursunlu on the Marmara shore, by Cyril Mango and Ihor Ševčenko. The article interlocks hagiography, epigraphy, travellers' reports and field observation, the sort of material that can fall to pieces in lesser hands, but is a model of what can be done.

Among the Notes, Semavi Eyice assigns the rock-cut cisterns of Afyonkarahisar to the Middle Ages on the grounds of a single (and obscure) Byzantine inscription, surely inadequate evidence. Donald Nicol ties up his Cantacuzene prosopography; Paul Hetherington finds a source for Dionysius of Fourna in a Venetian title-page of 1600, and Nicolas Oikonomides publishes two seals of Symeon Metaphrastes; they seem to bear the astrological signs which so attracted the great Metaphrast.

Western medieval scholars may be intrigued by the balance of Byzantine research reflected in *DOP* 27. There is nothing on political, social or economic history, and of eighteen papers only five are not art historical or "archaeological". But Western archaeologists may be surprised as well, for Byzantine "archaeology" (in Anatolia at least) is necessarily mostly limited to field observation and reinterpretations of earlier reports. Important monuments referred to in *DOP* 27, such as Christ of the Chalke, or St George of the Mangana, are badly recorded and lost; the marching elephants on the mosaics of Seleucia Pieria and the great Samson floor at Mopsuestia are probably irrecoverable, while Marmaran monasteries are now chicken-runs. It is a frustrating field, where Covel's diary and nineteenth-century tourist observations have become primary sources.

DOP 27 is dedicated to Father Francis Dvornik, to whose genial concern Dumbarton Oaks owes so much, on his eightieth birthday. His thirty books and 133 articles are listed; more have since appeared, and may there be many more.

r grown-up grammarians

ISTON :

graphy of the English Lan- the Invention of Printing Year 1800

cted Reprint of Volumes

Ilkley: Janus Press. £40.

st edition of this bibliogra- lished in ten volumes be- 65 and 1973, has already enthusiastic notices from s who recognized the heroic of the enterprise and the on and skill with which it rried through. Intending supplement A. G. Ken- bibliography of the English , R. C. Alston assembled material to fill (eventually) volumes—not surprisingly, e has drawn on some 800 ranging from Aachen to , by way of such unexpec- ions as Swaffham Parish and Rothamsted Experi- Station.

ears during which the first appeared saw a growing in- the history of linguistic and new approaches to the language, so that, when ted edition of 500 copies austed, the mass of new phical material available have made a mere reprint te. To publish a com- revised ten-volume edition have been prohibitively e, so that Dr Alston's solu- the problem of satisfying a g demand is both practi- comparatively cheap. He vided a photographic edi- his own copy of the biblio- complete with manuscript ons, and has printed sub- y the same annotations in a entary volume (1973) for efit of subscribers to the edition. Regrettably, costs vented the inclusion of the luable plates contained in edition, but there is com- in the form of detailed of authors, subjects and texts, as well as a list s.

new edition includes anno- several different kinds, the most frequent being an in which Dr Alston can y take pride. This is the Reprinted in facsimile, Men- which now follows 265 h refers to the facsimiles of writings on the English not normally available ly rare copies, which Dr has published at the Scolar ounded by him in the 1960s purpose. No attempt has however, to include all secondary material or to carry out a census of extant copies; instead, Dr Alston has concentrated on the essential purpose of this bibliography—to provide as complete a record as possible of primary sources.

So successfully has he prosecuted his search that he has discovered a large number of titles hitherto unknown to modern bibliographers—even including some not recorded in Wing. Among these are a shorthand text published in 1645, Thomas Cross's *The art of charactre*—uncatalogued in the library where it is located—and two works published in the early 1680s, Francis Calverley's *A pleasant spelling piece* and Christopher Symes's *Nature and art teaching to read English*. He has also added to his first edition a large number of eighteenth-century works rarely noted elsewhere, including grammars (for example, those of Richard Wynne, 1775, Amos Chase, 1792, and Oswald Edwards, 1799); text-books on English as a foreign language for immigrants (Francis Harrison's *English and Low-Dutch school-master*, 1730); works on linguistic theory (Anselm Bayly's *An introduction literary and philosophical to languages*, 1756, dealing with "polygot rational grammar"); dictionaries (e g William Johnston's, 1764); and works on pronunciation (e g, John Collier's *An alphabet for the grown-up grammarians of Great Britain* and James Adams's *Euphonologia linguae Anglicanae*, 1794).

Only slightly less valuable are the discoveries of copies of works of which previously only the titles had been known. To strike out the entry "no copy located" must have been an enjoyable task with, for example, S[amuel] J[ohnson's] *The first easy rudiments of grammar* (1765), S. Shelton's *Brachygraphy* (1672), and *The expert orthographist* (1704). Another notable achievement is the discovery of many hitherto unrecorded editions of extant works, such as a 1604 print of the well-known language-teaching textbook, *Colloquia . . . septem linguarum*, four further editions of T. Dyche's *A guide to the English tongue* (1707), and an edition, antedating by more than fifty years the extant copies, of T.H.'s *A guide for the child and youth* (1667).

To existing entries Dr Alston has often added supplementary information, one particularly interesting item being the record of annotations by earlier scholars. It is reported that Horne Tooke's notes appear on copies of John Wallis's *Grammatica* and Locke's *Essay*; Samuel Johnson's on *The first easy rudiments*; and Randle Holme's on his own collection of "technical" terms, *The academy of armory* (1688), in a copy at Chester. There are also occasional critical comments by the editor, for example, his note on Capel Lofft's edition of *Paradise Lost* and its relevance (apparently unknown to Milton scholars) to the problem of Milton's orthography.

It is to be hoped that Dr Alston will continue to bear in mind possible additions to these ten volumes, which deal with all the printed vernacular material, as he prepares the remaining volumes for the press; since, for all his diligence, there are still occasional gaps. First, there may be works in private collections which he has so far been unable to investigate, such as that at Hartlebury Castle. Secondly, occasional uncatalogued works in public collections still come to light, such as the *Lingua Universalis* of Nathaniel Chamberlain, known hitherto as one of Wing's "ghosts" but recently discovered and now being edited. Thirdly, because of Dr Alston's laudable attention to primary rather than secondary sources, several important recent publications have not been noted, including for example, Kemp's edition of Wallis's grammar and Kelly's *25 Centuries of Language-teaching*. Also omitted, no doubt because they will appear in a later volume, are a few works which have remained in manuscript until recently, for example Thomas Whythorne's autobiography in phonetic script (1571) and various short works on language by Francis Lodwick.

Dr Alston disarms criticism of any "errors and inconsistencies" by the description in his general preface of the difficulties under which the original edition was prepared. But he has now corrected many minor errors, and the only really noticeable omission is of a number of entries in the bibliography of sources which should have appeared between pages xxviii and xxix (complete entries are to be found in the supplementary volume). Special praise is due for the production and binding of the work.

This bibliography has proved to be an indispensable tool for the study of the history of linguistic thought and of the English language. Many investigations have already been based on it, and others are in progress, notably the *Dictionary of Early Modern English Pronunciation*; this work could probably never have started, and almost certainly would be difficult to complete, without the existence of Dr Alston's splendid bibliography.

THE HISTORY
OF
THE TIMES
published by The Times,
4 volumes in 5,
London 1935-1952

1. The Thunderer in the Making, 1785-1841.
2. The Tradition Established, 1841-1884.
3. The Twentieth Century Test, 1884-1912.
4. The 150th Anniversary and Beyond, 1912-1948. 2 vols.

A few sets of this work are still available in the Kraus Reprint edition.

The price is US $170·000
(Approximately £72·00 sterling)

Orders should be sent to:
Newspaper Archive Developments Limited,
16 Westcote Road,
Reading RG3 2DF England

APPOINTMENTS

LIBRARIANS

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Brynmor Jones Library, to work in the cataloguing [illegible] division.

Salary: AP1 III (£1,7[illegible] to £2,538) plus threshold payments, at present totalling £167 per annum. Qualified Librarians preferred but other applicants will be considered.

Further particulars should be obtained from the non-academic staff officer to whom applications should be sent by the 21st November.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL.

THE BRYNMOR JONES LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN with special responsibility for south-east Asian material. Salary £2,118 to £3,[illegible], plus threshold payments and F.S.S.U.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 21st November.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)
Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified non-graduates for POSTS of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in acquisitions and cataloguing sections of the College Library. Part-time applicants may be considered. Salary on the scale £1,665-£2,[illegible] or £2,135-£2,616 according to qualifications and experience.

Please apply giving details of education, qualifications and experience together with names and addresses of two referees to the Personnel Officer from whom further details may be obtained.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

HERTFORDSHIRE COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

Required for 1st January, 1975 TUTOR-LIBRARIAN.

Salary Scale: Lecturer Grade 2 plus

Outer Fringe Benefits and Threshold payments.

Graduates with library qualifications are invited to apply for further particulars from The Principal, 7 Hatfield Road, St. Albans (Tel: 64114).

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(University of London)
Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

required for general duties in the College Library. Salary on the scale £1,074-£1,366 or £1,366-£1,821. An ability to type would be an advantage for some posts. Please apply as soon as possible giving details of education and any experience to the Personnel Officer (TLS).

LEEDS CITY COUNCIL

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
PARK LANE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Park Lane, Leeds LS3 1AA
Principal: G. Hume, B.Com., D.P.A., J.P.
Telephone Leeds 44[illegible]

TUTOR LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR LIBRARIAN at the College.

Applicants should be trained librarians and have relevant experience.

The successful applicant will be appointed on the Burnham F.E. Scale as a Lecturer Grade 1 for salary purposes, but on National Joint Council conditions of service.

Application forms are available from the Principal, Park Lane College of Further Education, Park Lane, Leeds LS3 1AA. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

NOTTINGHAM COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Clifton, Nottingham NG11 8NS

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above POST involving a variety of professional work in a busy college library.

Salary on Scale £1,932 to £2,538.

Further details from the Chief Administrative Officer, to whom applications should be returned not later than 18th November.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

Holloway Road N7 8DB

SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP
207-225 Essex Road,
London N1 3PN

RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN LIBRARIANSHIP

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS, or those who have completed their professional studies and examinations, for the post of Research Assistant to investigate the present situation regarding the holdings of [illegible] scores and parts of orchestral music in libraries in the United Kingdom, and to produce a [illegible] catalogue of these.

The work will be under the direction of Mr Brian Redfern, Principal Lecturer at the School. The appointment will be for one year in the first place.

Salary Scale £1,511 by [illegible] to £1,[illegible] per annum.

Further details and application form from Mr. Redfern, School of Librarianship, Polytechnic of North London, 207-225 Essex Road, London N1 3PN.

Informal enquiries welcome (01-226 0151). Closing date for applications 25th November, 1974.

NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified librarians, for the POST of HEAD of CIRCULATION (i.e. Lending Librarian).

Salary £2,800-£3,[illegible].

Further details can be obtained from the undersigned, applications to reach him by 22nd November, 1974.

W. A. Munford, Director-General, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, SW1P 3BU.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

GRADUATE TRAINEE LIBRARIAN required in January for minimum of six months. Reading knowledge of French or German an advantage.

Apply in writing to Librarian, Royal Institute of International Affairs, 10 St. James's Square, London SW1Y 4LE.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a CHILDREN'S SCHOOLS' LIBRARIAN (Stafford Area) at Stone Library. Salary Librarians Scale (£1,674-£2,538) p.a. according to age, experience and qualifications. Applications will be considered from Library School students completing their course this December.

Application forms and further details available from the Principal Area Librarian, Stafford Library, The Green, Stafford, ST17 4BJ. Returnable by 18th November, 1974.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

EDUCATIONAL SERVICES—LIBRARIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN HEADQUARTERS SERVICES
(Cataloguing)
Librarians Scale/A.P.4 plus threshold payments

APPLICANTS should be Chartered Librarians, but applications will be considered also from Librarians who have completed professional examinations but are not yet on the Register of Chartered Librarians.

Further details and application forms from the Secretary, Town Hall, Wakefield, to be returned by 22nd November, 1974.

LIBRARIAN ORGANISER

£2,247-£2,568*

To take charge of a Children's Leisure Centre providing library extension facilities. Experience and/or qualification in librarianship or teaching required.

35 hour week including 2 or 3 evening duties.

*Plus £167 per annum threshold.

Application forms quoting Ref. TLS from the Borough Librarian, London Borough of Wandsworth, West Hill District Library, West Hill, S.W.18 (01-874 1143 Ext. 4). Closes 21st November, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING

LIBRARIES AND
CULTURAL ACTIVITIES DIVISION

Applications are invited from appropriately qualified candidates for the following posts:—

1) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Children's Librarian)

2) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

—temporary appointment until MARCH, 1975.

Salary AP II/III, plus London Weighting Allowance currently £261 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars from: Borough Librarian and Arts Officer, London Borough of Havering, Central Library, St. Edward's Way, ROMFORD RM1 3AR.

Closing date: 20th November, 1974.

ENGINEERING INDUSTRY TRAINING BOARD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (preferably Chartered Librarians) to undertake a wide range of professional duties in a rapidly developing information service. An interest in any of the following would be an advantage: Social Science (including Employment and Further Education), Management, Government Publications. Initial salary from £1,700, according to qualifications, etc.

Application forms may be obtained from:—

Mrs. D. L. Gyford
Personnel Officer
Engineering Industry
Training Board
P.O. Box 148
41 Clarendon Road, Watford
Hertfordshire WD1 1HS

IMMEDIATE VACANCY (full time or part time) for suitably qualified person to prepare for print catalogue in multilingual Byzantine studies. Probably subsequent opportunity for other special catalogue work. No Saturdays, good holidays. Salary negotiable. Curriculum vitae and names of two referees to: The Librarian, Dr Williams's Library, 14 Gordon Square, London, WC1H 0AG (Tel. 01-387 3727).

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INSTITUTE OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH

RESEARCH ASSISTANT, graduate with honours history and at least two years' research—experience in 17th-19th century British history—required for work on the series Office-Holders in Modern Britain. Salary £2,118 to £4,896, plus £213 London allowance.

Further particulars from Secretary of the Institute of Historical Research, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

DR. WILLIAMS'S TRUST SECRETARY needs Administrative Assistant. Cash, ledger, salaries accounts. Good typing, duplicator, addressograph. Responsible, varied, interesting work. Monday-Friday, six weeks' holiday.—14 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0AG. 01-387 3727.

Leatherhead Food R.A.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

LEATHERHEAD
FOOD RESEARCH
ASSOCIATION

has a vacancy for an Assistant Librarian in its modern, well-equipped Library situated in a very pleasant surrounding. Experience, preferably in a Technical Library is more important than formal qualifications. Knowledge U.D.C. and Anglo-American Cataloguing Rules essential. Interest in mechanized systems desirable. Flexible working hours. Good social facilities.

Applications to Miss A. Millidge, Information Officer, Leatherhead Food Research Association, Randalls Road, Leatherhead, Surrey Telephone Leatherhead 76761.

London Borough of Croydon

Applications are invited for the post of:

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

CENTRAL
LENDING LIBRARY

Librarians' Scale—£1,797 to £2,799 a year, including London Weighting, plus threshold payments. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications, with a minimum of £2,316 for a Chartered Librarian.

Further particulars from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Katharine Street, Croydon CR9 1ET. Closing date, 22nd November, 1974.

EALING Technical College

Specialist Centre for Higher Education
School of Librarianship

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for appointment to the following lectureship:

Lecturer II

In Classification and Cataloguing

Possession of a university degree would be a recommendation.

Salary: £3,051-£3,825 plus current threshold payment. Application form and further details from The Registrar (Room No 21), Ealing Technical College, St. Mary's Road, Ealing W5 5RF (addressed foolscap envelope please). Tel. 579 4111, ext. 287.

Closing date: 22nd November, 1974.

Ealing
EDUCATION SERVICE

Cumbria County Council

Assistant Archivist

£2,187-£2,880

plus threshold payments, currently £167.04

to be responsible to the Assistant County Archivist for the day to day provision of an archive service in Barrow and to help in the development of education services in the area.

Applicants must have an honours degree preferably in modern history, a diploma in Archive Administration, and two years' experience in Archives.

The appointment is based at Barrow, conveniently situated for the Lake District.

Removal expenses up to £150 payable. Superannuation scheme. Medical clearance.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable within 14 days of this advertisement, from the County Archivist, The Records Office, The Castle, Carlisle CA3 8UR.

A. Fraser,
Director of Legal and Administrative Services.

Librarian Trainees

£1,989—£2,568*

The positions are particularly suitable for ex-library school students, who have passed their Part 2 examination, and are in need of practical training and experience prior to registration as Associates of the Library Association.

*Plus £167 p.a. threshold.

Application forms quoting Ref. TLS from the Borough Librarian, West Hill District Library, West Hill, SW18 1RZ (01-874 1143). Closes 18th December, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
Wandsworth

Classified Advertisements:

The Times Literary Supplement publishes Classified Advertisements under the following headings;

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PPOINTMENTS

LONDON BOROUGH OF
REDBRIDGE

Branch Librarian

£3,629–£4,001 p.a. (SO1)

qualified librarian will be needed when the present post holder retires in January, 1975.

Assistant Librarians

£1,964–£2,615 p.a. (AP 1/2)

cancies exist at South Woodford (Children's Sec-n) and Fullwell Cross Libraries commencing ary according to qualifications and experience. rtgage facilities and assistance with removal ex-nses available.

plication forms and full details from: The rough Librarian, Central Library, Oakfield Road, rd, Essex.

sing date: 23rd November.

UCATION, LIBRARIES DIVISION

enior Assistant

PS £2,880-£3,201

s £261 London Weighting.
s current Threshold payments.

e above appointment will be initially to assume ponsibility as second-in-charge at the busy Walling-District Library. This Library has lending, reference, c. children's and picture lending services.

's pen issuing is in operation and computerised taloguing installation is imminent.

plication forms and further details obtainable from rough Librarian, Central Library, Manor Park Road, tton, Surrey. Tel. 01-642 9536.

sing date 25th November, 1974.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
LEARNING RESOURCES CENTRE

Assistant Librarian

(Cataloguing)

£2,055–£2,538

(For Chartered Librarians)

plications are invited from suitably qualified Librarians a vacancy in the Bibliographical Services Division. annual throughput is currently 15,000 volumes. erience in A.A.C.R. and 18th ed. Dewey an advantage. ther particulars and application forms available from Establishment Officer, Plymouth Polytechnic, Drake cus, Plymouth PL4 8AA, to whom applications should returned by 15th November, 1974.

PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
LEARNING RESOURCES CENTRE

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

£3,837-£4,824 p.a.
(Re-advertisement)

is post, available 1st January, 1975, involves the daily ministration of the Library Divisions of the Learning sources Centre. Current bookfund is £82,000, and re are 30 library staff. A new 5,000 sq. m. Learning sources Centre will open in 1975.

ndidates should have good academic and professional alifications, with appropriate senior library experi-ce, preferably in an academic library.

ndidates who have already applied for this post need t re-apply as their original applications will automa-ally be considered.

rther particulars and application forms from The ablishment Officer, Plymouth Polytechnic, Drake rcus, Plymouth PL4 8AA, to be returned by 25th vember, 1974.

Birmingham

PERSONNEL AND TRAINING OFFICER

SO2—£3,573-£3,939 plus threshold payments

The impending move of John Hinks to Leicestershire as Assistant County Librarian (Development, Training and Personnel) creates a vacancy for a suitably experienced and imaginative Chartered Librarian to join Birmingham Public Libraries as Personnel and Training Officer.

This is a key post in one of the country's largest metropolitan library systems. The Personnel and Training Officer is a member of the Management Team. Duties include recruitment, training and welfare of staff including organization of the Management Training Programme.

Mortgage facilities are available. A casual-user car allowance is payable.

Further information and application form obtainable from:

City Librarian,
Central Library,
Birmingham B3 3HQ

or by telephoning, 021-235 3370.

Closing date for applications: two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement.

TEESSIDE POLYTECHNIC

SECTION LIBRARIAN

(LECTURER II SCALE)

SCIENCE

The Library of the Teesside Polytechnic requires a Senior Librarian to fill a newly created post of Section Librarian (Science). Applications are invited from graduates with a good honours degree in a scientific or technical field and preferably also with postgraduate or Library or information qualifications. Some practical knowledge of and experience with Computer Library and information methods would be an additional advantage, as would knowledge of modern languages.

Salary range £2,700/£3,474 (Burnham FE Scale, Lecturer II with NJC conditions for holidays and hours). For a suitably qualified candidate, appointment may be made above the minimum of the scale.

Application forms and further details available from Staffing Section, Teesside Polytechnic, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS1 3BA.

St. Mary's College of Education

Strawberry Hill
Twickenham

Assistant Librarian

Qualified Librarian required for this College Library in pleasant London suburb. Students awaiting part 11 results considered. Scale A.P.2 plus London Weighting. Apply Tutor-Librarian.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
Trinity College

CHAIR OF GERMAN

Applications are invited for appointment to this Chair, which will fall vacant on 1st October, 1975.

Further information may be obtained from:

THE SECRETARY TO THE COLLEGE
WEST THEATRE
TRINITY COLLEGE
DUBLIN 2

Formal applications should, if possible, reach the Secretary before

FRIDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1974

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY LIBRARY

A CHALLENGING JOB? A CHANGE OF SCENE?

Apply now for the shared post of

Schools/Children's Librarian

This is a challenging post, which will offer career opportunities and a chance to widen the experience of the young professional of either sex who will be appointed. Duties will be shared between the County Library Schools Department, Newport, and the Carisbrooke High School, about one mile away.

Salary: Librarians

£1,536–£2,538 per annum

Further details and application forms available from L J Mitchell, BA, FLA, Director of Cultural Services, County Library Headquarters, Parkhurst Road, Newport, IW PO30 5TX.

Closing Date: Tuesday 26 November 1974

County of Cleveland

COUNTY EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
KIRBY COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Roman Road, Middlesbrough, Cleveland

College Librarian

£1,536-£2,536 according to experience and qualifications

The successful candidate will be responsible for the organisation and control of the College Library. Opportunities to gain teaching experience will be given.

Application forms for this post may be obtained from the Principal at the College to whom they should be returned by 18th November, 1974.

COUNTY LEISURE AND AMENITIES DEPARTMENT
Cleveland County Libraries

Music Librarian

£2,187-£2,538

Senior Assistants

(2 posts) £1,536-£2,538 according to qualifications

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above posts. The Music Librarian will be largely concerned with an expanding collection of recorded music and the senior assistants are required for lending services.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from The County Librarian, Central Library, Victoria Square, Middlesbrough, to whom completed forms should be returned by 21st November, 1974.

In approved cases, financial assistance with household removal expenses will be available, and The Council may provide mortgage facilities. Temporary housing accommodation may be available in approved cases, within the County area.

In addition to the above salary scales there will be a threshold payment.

AN OPPORTUNITY WITH BRADFORD

LIBRARIAN

(YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES)

UP TO £3,368 p.a.

Including threshold agreement

An enthusiastic Chartered Librarian is required to join the team providing a library service to the Wharfedale Area (based on Ilkley) of Metropolitan Bradford Libraries. The successful candidate will be responsible for the service to children through public service points, an outreach programme of activities and provide a school library service to first and middle schools.

For further details telephone Mr. D. Gadsby, Area Librarian, Ilkley 2721, or write to the Staffing and Development Officer, Central Library, Princes Way, Bradford BD1 1NN, Yorkshire, quoting post reference EA 12174 (Lib)/TLS on the envelope.

City of Bradford Metropolitan Council